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Emblems
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CHOICE
EMBLEMS,
DIVINE and MORAL,
ANTIEN and MODERN:
OR,
DELIGHTS
FOR THE
INGENIOUS,
IN ABOVE

Fifty Select EMBLEMS,
Curiously Ingraven upon Copper-Plates.

With Fifty Pleasant Poems and Lots, by
way of Lottery, for Illustrating each Emblem,
to promote Instruction and Good Counsel by
Diverting Recreation.

THE SIXTH EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for EDMUND PARKER, at the
Bible and Crown, over against the New
Church in *Lombard-Street*. 1732.





THE
AUTHOR
UPON THE
EMBLEM
IN THE
FRONTISPIECE.

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12mo
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THIS BOOK containing EMBLEMS, 'twas
thought fit
A Title-Page shou'd stand to usher it
That's Emblematical: And to that end,
Our AUTHOR to the Graver did commend
A plain Invention, that it might be wrought
According as his Fancy had foretkought.
Instead thereof, the Workman brought to light
What here you see, therein mistaking quite
The true Design: And so (with Pains and Cost)
The first-intended FRONTISPIECE is lost.

The AUTHOR was as much displeas'd, as He
In such Adventures is inclin'd to be;
And half resolv'd to cast this PIECE aside,
As nothing worth: but having better ey'd

A 2

Those

Upon the FRONTISPIECE.

*Those Errors and Confusions which may there
Blame-worthy (at the first aspect) appear ;
He saw they fitted many Fantasies
Much better than what Reason can devise,
And that the Graver (by meer Chance) had hit
On what so much transcends the Reach of Wit,
As made it seem an Object of Delight,
To look on what MISFORTUNE brought to light :
And here it stands, to try his Wit who lists
To pump the Secrets out of Cabalists.*

*If any think this Page will now declare
The Meaning of those Figures which are there,
They are deceiv'd, for Destiny denies
The utt'ring of such hidden Mysteries.
In these respects : First, This containeth nought
Which (in a proper Sense) concerneth ought
The Present Age : Moreover, 'tis ordain'd
That none must know the Secrecies contain'd
Within this PIECE, but they who are so wise
To find them out by their own Prudencies :
And he that can unriddle them to us,
Shall stiled be the second OEDIPUS.*

*'Tis likewise thought expedient, now and then,
To make some Work for those All-knowing Men,
(To exercise upon) who think they see
The Secret Meanings of all things that be.*

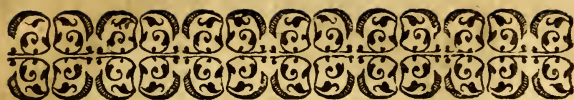
*And lastly, since we find that some there are,
Who best affect Inventions which appear
Beyond their Understandings, This we knew
A Representment worthy of their View :*

*And here we placed it, to be to these
A FRONTISPIECE in any Sense they please.*

Majesty







Majesty in Misery :

O R, A N

IMPLORATION

T O T H E

King of Kings.

W R I T T E N

*By his late MAJESTY King CHARLES
the First, with his own Hand, during his
Captivity in Carisbrook-Castle in the Isle
of Wight, 1648.*

I.

GREAT Monarch of the World, from whose
Power springs
The Potency and Power of Kings,
Record the Royal Woe my Suffering sings.

2.

And teach my Tongue, that ever did confine
Its Faculties in Truth's Seraphick Line,
To track the Treasons of thy Foes and mine.

2

3. Nature

Majesty in Misery, &c.

3.

Nature and Law by thy Divine Decree,
The only Root of Righteous Royalty,
With this dim Diadem invested me.

4.

With it the Sacred Scepter, Purple Robe,
The Holy Unction, and the Royal Globe;
Yet I am levell'd with the Life of *Job*.

5.

The fiercest Furies that do daily tread
Upon my Grief, my Gray Discrowned Head,
Are those that owe my Bounty for their Bread.

6.

They raise a War, and Christen it, *The Cause*;
Whilst Sacrilegious Hands have best Applause,
Plunder and Murder are the Kingdom's Laws.

7.

Tyranny bears the Title of *Taxation*,
Revenge and Robbery are *Reformation*,
Oppression gains the Name of *Sequestration*.

8.

My Loyal Subjects who in this bad Season
Attend me (by the Law of God and Reason)
They dare impeach and punish for High Treason.

9.

Next at the Clergy do their Furies frown,
Pious Episcopacy must go down,
They will destroy the Crozier and the Crown.

10.

Churchmen are chain'd, and Schismatics are freed,
Mechanicks preach, and Holy Fathers bleed,
The Crown is Crucified with the Creed.

11. The

Majesty in Misery, &c.

11.

The Church of *England* doth all Faction foster,
The Pulpit is usurpt by each Imposter,
Extempore excludes the *Pater-noster*.

12.

The Presbyter and Independent seed,
Springs with broad blades to make Religion bleed,
Herod and *Pontius Pilate* are agreed.

13.

The Corner-Stone's misplac'd by every Pavior ;
With such a Bloody Method and Behaviour
Their Ancestors did crucify our Saviour.

14.

My Royal Consort, from whose fruitful Womb
So many Princes Legally have come,
Is forc'd in Pilgrimage to seek a Tomb.

15.

Great Britain's Heir is forced into *France*,
Whilst on his Father's Head his Foes advance ;
Poor Child ! he weeps out his Inheritance.

16.

With my own Power my Majesty they wound,
In the King's Name the King himself's uncrown'd,
So doth the Dust destroy the Diamond.

17.

With Propositions daily they enchant
My People's Ears, such as do Reason daunt,
And the Almighty will not let me Grant.

18.

They promise to erect my Royal Stem,
To make me Great, t'advance my Diadem,
If I will first fall down and worship them.

Majesty in Misery, &c.

19.

But for Refusal they devour my Thrones,
Distress my Children, and destroy my Bones,
I fear they'll force me to make Bread of Stones.

20.

My Life they prize at such a slender rate,
And in my Absence they draw Bills of hate,
To prove the King a Traytor to the State.

21.

Felons obtain more Privilege than I,
They are allow'd to answer e'er they die,
'Tis Death for me to ask the Reason, why.

22.

But, Sacred Saviour, with thy Words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such as thou know'st do not know what they do.

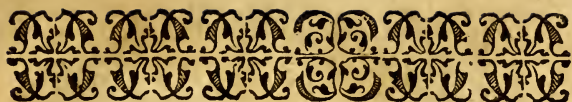
23.

But since they from their Lord are so disjointed,
As to condemn those Edicts he appointed,
How can they prize the Power of his Anointed?

24.

Augment my Patience, nullify my Hate,
Preserve my Issue, and inspire my Mate,
Yet, tho' we perish, Bless this Church and State.

Vota dabunt quæ Bella negarunt.



*The Explanation of the Emblem in
Latin and English.*

P*onderibus* genus omne mali, probrique gra-
vatus,
Vixque ferenda ferens, *Palma* ut *depressa*, resurgo.
Ac velut undarum *Fluctus* *Ventique*, furorem,
Irati Populi *Rupes* *immota* repello.
Clarior e Tenebris, *Cœlestis* *Stella*, corusco,
Victor & æternum felici pace *Triumpho*.
Auro Fulgentem rutilo gemmisque Micantem,
At curis *Gravidam* spernendo *Calco Coronam*.
Spinofam, at ferri *facilem*, quo *spes mea*, Christi
Auxilio, nobis non est *tractare* molestum ;
Æternam, fixis fidei, semperque *beatam*,
In Cælos oculis *specto*, nobisque paratam.
Quod *Vanum* est sperno, quod Christi *Gratia*
præbet
Amplecti Studium est ; Virtutis *Gloria* merces.

In English.

TH O' clogg'd with weights of Miseries,
Palm-like depress'd I higher rise.
And as the *unmov'd* Rock out-braves
The boistrous *Winds* and raging *Waves*,

Epitaphs upon K. Charles I.

So *Triumph* I, and *shine* more bright
In sad Afflictions Darksom night.
That *Splendid*, but yet *Toilſom* Crown,
Regardlessly I *trample* down.
With Joy I take this Crown of *Thorn*,
Though *Sharp*, yet *easy* to be born.
That *Heavenly* Crown already mine,
I view with Eyes of Faith Divine.
I ſlight *vain* things ; and do imbrace
Glory, the juſt reward of *Grace*.



An Epitaph upon King *Charles* the First.

S^{IO} falls the ſtately Cedar, while it ſtood,
That was the only Glory of the Wood.
Great *Charles*, Terreſtrial God, Celeſtial Man,
Whoſe life, like others, though it were a ſpan,
Yet in that ſpan was comprehended more,
Than Earth hath waters, or the Ocean ſhore.
Thy Heavenly Virtues Angels ſhould reherſe,
It is a Theam too high for Human Verſe.
He that would know thee right then, let him look
Upon thy rare Incomparable Book,
And read it o're and o're ; which if he do,
He'll find thee *King*, and *Prieſt* and *Prophet* too,
And

Epitaphs upon K. Charles I.

And sadly see our loss, and though in vain,
With fruitless wishes call thee back again.
Nor shall oblivion sit upon thy Herse,
Though there were neither Monument nor Verse.

Thy Suff'rings and thy Death let no Man name,
It was thy Glory, but the Kingdom's shame.

Another.

STay Passenger ; behold and see,
The widdow'd Grave of Majesty.
Why tremblest not ? here's that will make
The most stupid Soul to shake,
Here lies intomb'd the sacred Dust,
Of Peace and Piety, Right and Just.
The Blood (O start'st thou not to hear !)
Of a blest King 'twixt hope and fear,
Shed, and hurried hence to be
The Miracle of Misery.
The Lawgiver amongst his own,
Sentenc'd by a Law unknown ;
Voted Monarchy to Death,
By the coarse *Plebeian* breath.
The Sovereign of all Command
Suffering by a Common Hand.
A Prince (to make the *Odium* more)
Martyr'd at his very door.
The Head cut off ! Oh, Death to see't,
In Obedience to the Feet !

And

Epitaphs upon K. Charles I.

And that by Justice you must know,
If thou hast faith to think it so ;
We'll stir no further than this sacred clay,
But let it slumber till the Judgment day.
Of all the Kings on Earth, it's not deny'd,
Here lies the first that for Religion dy'd.

Another.

*Written by the Magnanimous James Marquis of
of Montrofs with the Point of his Sword.*

Great, Good, and Just, could I but rate
My Grief, and thy so rigid Fate.
I'de weep the world to such a strain,
That it should deluge once again.
But since thy loud-tongu'd blood demands supplies
More from *Briareus* Hands than *Argus* Eyes ;
I'le sing thy Elegy with Trumpets sounds,
And write thy Epitaph in Blood and Wounds.



T O T H E
R E A D E R.

I*T is probable, that if some Books had not been composed pleasantly, and suitable to mean Capacities, many Persons had not been so delighted in reading, and thereby in time have attained to more useful Knowledge. Therefore tho' I can say no more to dissuade from Vice, or to incourage Men to Virtue, than hath already been done by many learned Authors, yet these lively Emblems may chance to bring that oftner to Remembrance which they have more learnedly express'd ; and perhaps by such Circumstances as they would not descend unto, may insinuate farther into some Understandings than more applauded Discourses, by stirring up the Affections, winning the Attention, or helping the Memory.*

And since the World is grown so very airy, that the Printing of solid and serious Treatises hath many times undone the Bookseller, to advance their Profits, I was moved to invent somewhat which might be likely to please the Populace, and
have

The Epistle to the Reader.

have therefore added Lotteries to these Emblems, to occasion the more frequent Notice of the Morals and good Counsels tender'd in their Illustrations; hoping that some time or other, some Persons may draw those Lots which may make them more wise and happy as long as they live.

Possibly this Device may be censured, and reputed as great an Indecorum as erecting an Ale-house at the Church-stile; yet perhaps if the Wifest would sometimes take up this Book, and without any superstitious Conceit, make Tryal what their Lots would remember or give them cause to think on, it might now and then either occasion better Proceedings, or prevent worse Mischiefs.

Some Games were ever in use, and I think ever will be; and for ought I know, ever may be without Exception: and I believe this Recreation may be as harmless as any, if they be used as they are intended; for my Meaning is not that any one should use it as an Oracle, which can infallibly signify what is divinely allotted, but to serve only for a Moral Pastime: And that I may by no means encourage the secret Entertainment of such a Fancy, I do here previously affirm and declare, that none but Children or Idiots may be tollerated to be so foolish without being laugh'd at.

Yet if any shall draw those Lots wherein their secret Vices are reprov'd, and some good Instru-
ctions

The Epistle to the Reader.

Etions propos'd, which in their own Understandings are conducive and pertinent to their welfare, let not such as those pass them over as meer Casualties to them ; for whatsoever these Lots are to others, or in themselves, they ought to be particularly regarded and applied by them to their own Concerns.

Some perhaps will think, that this Game is purposely invented as a means to reprove Mens Vices, without being suspected to aim at particular Persons ; for if any, who are notoriously guilty, by drawing these Chances shall be so fitted, that those Vices be thereby intimated to the by-standers, of which the World knows them guilty, they do therein make their own Libels, and may, I hope, be laugh'd at without blame : if not, I do here warn all such as are justly suspected of heinous Crimes and scandalous Conversations, either to forbear these Lotteries, or to excuse me if they be justly shamed by their own Act.

Having thus declared the reason of this Invention, and made these Anticipations, every Man hath his own Choice, whether he will make use of these Lotteries or no ; he that will is left to his Chance, of which how he may make Tryal, Direction is given at the latter end of this Book.

R. B.

Choice Emblems,

Emblem I.



Finis ab Origine pendet.



T H E
First Emblem
Illustrated.

*As soon as we to Be begun,
We did begin to be undone.*

WHen some, in former Ages, had a meaning
 An *Emblem* of *Mortality* to make,
 They form'd an *Infant* on a *Death's-Head* leaning,
 And round about encircled with a *Snake*.
 The *Child* so pictur'd was to signifie,
 That from our very *Birth* our *Dying* springs:
 The *Snake*, her *Tail* devouring, doth imply
 The *Revolution* of all Earthly things.
 For whatsoever hath *Beginning* here,
 Begins immediately to vary from

The same it was ; and doth at last appear
What very few did think it shou'd become.

The solid *Stone* doth molder into *Earth*,
That *Earth* e'er long to *Water* rarifies,
That *Water* gives an *Airy Vapour* Birth,
And thence a *Fiery Comet* doth arise :
That moves until it self it so impair,
That from a *burning Meteor* back again,
It sinketh down and thickens into *Air* ;
That *Air* becomes a *Cloud* ; then *Drops of Rain* :
Those *Drops* descending on a *Rocky Ground*,
There settle into *Earth*, which more and more
Doth harden still ; so running out the *round*,
It grows to be the *Stone* it was before.

Thus all things wheel about, and each *Beginning*
Made Entrance to its own *Destruction* hath.
The *Life* of *Nature* entreth in with *Sinning*,
And is for ever waited on by *Death*.

The *Life* of *Grace* is form'd by *Death* to *Sin*,
And there doth *Life Eternal* strait begin.

Lot 1.

WHEN thou hast Changes good or bad,
O'erjoy'd thou art, or oversad :
As if it seem'd very strange,
To see the Wind or Weather change.

Lo therefore to remember thee
How Changeable Things Mortal be,
Thou art assisted by this Lot,
Now let it be no more forgot.

Emblem II.



Quo me vertam nescio.



T H E
Second Emblem
Illustrated.

*When Vice and Vertue Youth shall wooe,
'Tis hard to say which way 'twill go:*

MY hopeful *Friends*, at thrice five Years and
three,
Without a *Guide* (into the World alone)
To seek my *Fortune* did adventure me ;
And many Hazards I alighted on.
First *England's* greatest *Rendezvous* I sought,
Where VICE and VERTUE at the highest sit ;
And thither both a *Mind* and *Body* brought,
For neither of their Services unfit.

Both woo'd my *Youth*, and both persuaded so,
 That (like the *young Man* in our *Emblem* here)
 I stood and cry'd, *Ah ! which way shall I go ?*
 To me so pleasing both their Offers were.

VICE *Pleasures* best Contentments promis'd me,
 And what the wanton *Flesh* desires to have.

Quoth VERTUE, *I will Wisdom* give to thee,
And those brave things which noblest Minds do
crave.

Serve me, said VICE, *and thou shalt soon acquire*
All those Atchievements which my Service brings.
Serve me, said VERTUE, *and I'll raise thee*
higher

Than VICES can, and teach thee better things.
 Whilst thus they strove to gain me, I espy'd
 Grim *Death* attending VICE ; and that her Face
 Was but a painted *Vizard*, which did hide
 The foul'st Deformity that ever was.

LORD, grant me *Grace* for evermore to view
Her Ugliness ; And that I viewing it,
Her Falsehoods and Allurements may eschew,
And on fair VERTUE my Affection set ;

Her Beauties contemplate, her Love embrace,
And by her safe Direction run my Race.

Lot 2.

WITH *Mary*, thou art one of those,
By whom the better part is chose :
And tho' thou tempted art astray,
Continu'ft in a lawful way.

Give God the Praise with Heart unfeign'd,
That he fuch Grace to thee hath deign'd.
And view thy Lot, where thou fhalt fee,
What Hag hath laid a Trap for thee

Emblem III.



Vivitur Ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.



T H E
Third Emblem
Illustrated.

*By Knowledge only Life we gain,
All other Things to Death pertain.*

HOW fond are they who spend their precious
Time
In still pursuing their deceiving *Pleasures*?
And they that unto airy *Titles* climb,
Or tire themselves in hording up of *Treasures*?
For these are *Death's*, who, when with Weariness
They have acquir'd most, sweeps all away;
And leaves them for their Labours, to possess
Nought but a raw-bon'd *Carcass* lapt in Clay.

Of

Of twenty hundred thousands, who this hour
 Vaunt much of those *Possessions* they have got,
 Of their new purchas'd *Honours*, or the *Power*,
 By which they seem to have advanc'd their *Lot* :
 Of this great *Multitude*, there shall not *Three*
 Remain for any *future Age* to know,
 But perish quite, and quite forgotten be,
 As *Beasts* devoured twice ten Years ago.

Thou therefore who desir'st for ay to live,
 And to possess thy *Labours* maugre *Death*,
 To needful *Arts*, and honest *Actions*, give
 Thy Span of *Time*, and thy short Blast of *Breath*.
 In holy *Studies* exercise thy *Mind* ;
 In Works of *Charity* thy *Hands* imploy ;
 That *Knowledge* and that *Treasure* seek to find,
 Which may enrich thy *Heart* with perfect *Joy*.
 So tho' obscured thou appear a while,
 Despised, poor, or born to Fortunes low,
 Thy *Vertue* shall acquire a nobler stile,
 Than greatest *Kings* are able to bestow ;

And gain thee those *Possessions*, which nor *they*,
 Nor *Time*, nor *Death* have Pow'r to take away.

Lot 3.

THOU dost over-much respect
That which will thy Harm effect.
But some other things there be
Which will more advantage thee.

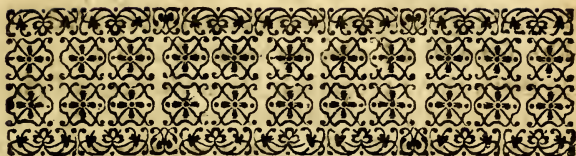
Search thy Heart, and thou shalt there
Soon discover what they are.
Yea, thine Emblem shews thee too,
What to shun, and what to do.

Emblem IV.

*Emb. 4.*

HANTA AEOINA

The



T H E
Fourth Emblem
Illustrated.

*As to the World I Naked came,
So Naked stript I leave the same.*

THrice happy is that Man whose *Thoughts*
do rear
His Mind above that pitch the *Worldling* flies;
And, by his *Contemplations*, hovers where
He views Things Mortal with unbleared Eyes.
What Trifles then do *Villages* and *Towns*,
Large *Fields*, or *Flocks* of fruitful *Cattle* seem?
Nay, what poor things are *Mitres*, *Septers*,
Crowns,
And all those *Glories* which Men most esteem.
Tho'

Tho' he that hath among them his Delight,
Brave things imagins them (because they blind
With some false Lustre his beguiled Sight)
He that's above them their Mean Worth may find.

Lord, to that *Blessed Station* me convey,
Where I may view the *World*, and view her so,
That I her true Condition may survey,
And all her Imperfections rightly know.
Remember me, that once there was a Day,
When thou didst wean me from them with content,
Ev'n when shut up within those *Gates* I lay
Thro' which the *Plague-inflicting Angel* went.
And let me still remember, that an Hour
Is hourly coming on, wherein I shall
(Tho' I had all the *World* within my Power)
Be naked stript, and turned out of all.
But mind me chiefly, that I never cleave
Too closely to my *Self*; and cause thou me
Not other Earthly things alone to leave,
But to forsake my *Self* for love of *Thee*.

That I may say, now *I have all things left*,
Before that I of all things am bereft.

Lot. 4.

BE not angry if I tell,
That you love the World too well ;
For this Lot perhaps you drew,
That such Faults you might eschew.

Mark to what their Souls aspire
Who true Blessedness desire ;
For if you can do like those,
Heav'n you gain, when Earth you lose.

Emblem V.

Emblem V.



Ad Scopum, licet Ægre, & frustra.



T H E
Fifth Emblem
Illustrated.

*A Fool in Folly taketh Pain,
Altho' he labour still in vain:*

A Massy Mill-Stone up a tedious Hill,
With mighty Labour, *Sisyphus* doth roll ;
Which being rais'd aloft, down tumbleth still,
To keep imployed his afflicted *Soul*.
On him this tedious Labour is impos'd ;
And (tho' in vain) it must be still assay'd :
But some, by no Necessity inclos'd,
Upon themselves such needless 'Tasks have laid.
Yea, knowing not (or caring not to know)
That they are worn and weary'd out in vain,
They

They madly toil to plunge themselves in Woe ;
And seek uncertain *Ease* in certain *Pain*.

Such *Fools* are they, who dream they can acquire
A Mind content, by *lab'ring still for more* :
For *Wealth* encreasing doth encrease *Desire*,
And makes *Contentment* lesser than before.

Such *Fools* are they, whose *Hopes* do vainly
stretch
To climb by *Titles* to a happy Height :
For having gotten one *Ambitious Reach*,
Another comes perpetually in sight.
And their Stupidity is nothing less,
Who dream that *Flesh* and *Blood* may raised be
Up to the *Mount of perfect Holiness* :
For (at our best) corrupt and vile are we.
Yet we are bound by *Faith*, with *Love*, and *Hope*,
To roll the Stone of *Good Endeavour* still,
As near as may be, to *Perfection's Top*,
Tho' back again it tumble down the *Hill*.

So what our *Works* had never Power to do,
God's Grace at last shall freely bring us to.

Lot 5.

M.

Doubtless you are either Wooing,
Or some other Bus'ness doing,
Which you shall attempt in vain,
Or much hazard all your Pain.

Yet if good your Meanings are,
Do not honest Means forbear.
For where things are well begun,
God oft works when Man hath done.

Emblem VI.

Choice Emblems,
Emblem VI.



Pedetentim.

The



T H E
Sixth Emblem
Illustrated.

*His Pace must wary be, and slow,
That hath a slippery way to go.*

A Traveller, when he must undertake
To seek his Passage o'er some *Frozen*
Lake,
With *Leisure* and with *Care* he will assay
The Glassy Smoothness of that *Icy Way* ;
Lest he may *slip* by walking over-fast,
Or break the crackling *Pavement* by his haste :
And so (for want of better taking heed)
Incur the *Mischiefs* of *Unwary Speed*.

We are all *Travellers* ; and all of us
 Have many Passages as dangerous
 As *Frozen Lakes* ; and *Slippery Ways* we tread,
 In which our Lives may soon be forfeited,
 (With all our Hopes of *Life Eternal* too)
 Unless we well consider what we do.
 There is no private *Way* or publick *Path*,
 But Rubs, or *Holes*, or Slip'riness it hath,
 Whereby we shall with *Mischiefs* meet ; unless
 We walk it with a *stedfast Wariness*.

The Steps to *Honour* are on *Pinacles*
 Compos'd of melting Snow, and *Isicles* ;
 And they who tread not nicely on their tops,
 Shall on a suddain slip from all their *Hopes*.
 Yea, ev'n that Way which is both sure and Holy,
 And leads the Mind from Vanities and Folly,
 Is with so many other *Path-ways* crost,
 As that by Rashness it may soon be lost ;
 Unless we well deliberate upon
 Those *Tracks* in which our *Ancestors* have gone.

And they who with more *Haste* than *Heed* will
 run,
 May lose the Way in which they well begun.

Lot 6.

IN slipp'ry Paths you are to go,
Yea, they are full of Danger too ;
And if you heedful shou'd not grow,
They'll hazard much your overthrow.

But you the Mischief may eschew,
If wholesome Counsel you pursue :
Look therefore what you may be taught,
By that which this your Chance hath brought.

Emblem VII.



Pro Lege & pro Grege.



T H E
Seventh Emblem
Illustrated.

*Our Pelican, by bleeding thus,
Fulfill'd the Law, and cured us.*

Look here and mark (her sickly Birds to feed)
How freely this kind *Pelican* doth bleed.
See how (when other *Salves* cou'd not be found)
To cure their Sorrows, she her self doth wound :
And when this holy *Emblem* thou shalt see,
Lift up thy Soul to him who dy'd for thee.

For this our *Hieroglyphick* wou'd express,
That *Pelican*, which in the *Wilderness*

Of this vast *World*, was left (as all alone)
Our miserable *Nature* to bemoan ;
And in whose Eyes the Tears of Pity flood,
When he beheld his own unthankful *Brood*
His *Favours* and his *Mercies* then contemn,
When with his Wings he wou'd have brooded them:
And fought their endless Peace to have confirm'd,
Tho' to procure his Ruin they were arm'd.

To be their *Food* himself he freely gave ;
His *Heart* was pierc'd, that he their *Souls* might
save.

Because they disobey'd the *Sacred Will*,
He did the *Law of Righteousness* fulfil ;
And to that end (tho' guiltless he had been)
Was offer'd for our *Universal Sin*.

Let me, Oh *God* ! for ever fix mine Eyes
Upon the Merit of that *Sacrifice* :
Let me retain a due Commemoration
Of those dear *Mercies* and that bloody *Passion*
Which here is meant ; and, by true *Faith*, still feed
Upon the Drops this *Pelican* did bleed :

Yea, let me firm unto thy *Law* abide,
And ever love that *Flock* for which he dy'd.

Lot 7.

THis present Lot concerns full near,
Not you alone, but all Men here :
For all of us too little heed
His Love, who for our sakes did bleed.

'Tis true, that means he left behind him,
Which better teacheth how to mind him.
Yet if we both by that and this
Remember him, 'tis not amiss.

Emblem VIII.



Quid si sic ?



T H E
Eighth Emblem
Illustrated.

*Tho' he endeavour all he can,
An Ape will never be a Man.*

What tho' an *Apish-Pigmy* in Attire,
His Dwarfish Body *Gyant-like* array?
Turn *Brave*, and get him *Stilts* to seem the
higher?
What would so doing handsome him, I pray?
Now surely such a Mimick fight as that,
Wou'd with excessive Laughter move your Spleen,
Till you had made the little *Dandiprat*,
To lie within some Auger-hole unseen.

I must confess I cannot chuse but smile,
When I perceive how Men that worthless are,
Piece out their *Imperfections* to beguile,
By making shows of what they never were.
For in their *borrow'd Shapes* I know those Men,
And (thro' their *Masks*) such insight of them have,
That I can oftentimes disclose (ev'n then)
How much they favour of the *Fool* or *Knave*.

A *Pigmy Spirit* and an *Earthly Mind*,
Whose look is only fix'd on Objects vain,
In my esteem so mean a place doth find,
That ev'ry such a one I much refrain.
But when in honour'd *Robes* I see it put,
Betrim'd as if some thing of *Worth* it were,
Look big, and on the *Stilts* of *Greatness* strut ;
From scorning it I cannot then forbear.
For when to gross *Unworthiness*, Men add
Those Dues which to the truest *Worth* pertain ;
'Tis like an *Ape* in *Human Vestments* clad,
Which when most fine, deserveth most disdain :

And more absur'd those Men appear to me,
Than this *fantastick Monkey* seems to thee.

Lot 8.

M.

TH Y Chance is doubtful, and as yet
I know not what to make of it.
But this I know, a Foe thou art
To what thine Emblem hath, in part,

Expressed by a Mimick Shape ;
Or thou thy self art such an Ape.
Now which of these pertains to thee,
Let them that know thee Judges be.

Emblem IX.



Emb: 9.

*Fures Privati in Nervo, Publici in
Auro.*



T H E
Ninth Emblem
Illustrated.

*Poor Thieves in Halters we behold,
And Great Thieves in their Chains of Gold.*

IF you this *Emblem* well have look'd upon,
Altho' you cannot help it, yet bemoan
The World's black Impudence ; and if you can,
Continue (or become) an honest Man.
The poor and petty *Pilferers*, you see
On *Wheels*, on *Gibbets*, and the *Gallows-Tree*
Trust up ; when they that far more guilty are,
Pearl, Silk, and costly Cloth of Tissue wear.

Good

Good *God*! how many hath each *Land* of those,
Who neither Limb, nor Life, nor Credit lose,
(But rather live befriended and applauded)
Yet have, of all their Livelihoods, defrauded
The helpless *Widows* in their great Distress?
And of their Portions rob'd the *Fatherless*?
Yet censur'd others Errors, as if none
Had cause to say, that they amiss have done?

How many have assisted to condemn
Poor Souls, for what was never stoln by them?
And persecuted others, for that Sin
Which they themselves had more transgressed in?
How many worthless Men are great become,
By that which they have stoln, or cheated from
Their *Lords*? or (by some Practices unjust)
From those by whom they had been put in trust?
How many *Lawyers* wealthy Men are grown,
By taking Fees for *Causes* overthrown
By their Defaults? How many, without Fear,
Do rob the *King* and *God*, yet blameless are?

God knows how many! wou'd I did so too,
So I had Pow'r to make them better do.

Lot 9.

WE hope no Person here believes,
That you are of those wealthy Thieves,
Who Chains of Gold and Pearl do wear :
And of those Thieves that none you are

Which wear a Rope, we plainly see ;
For you as yet unchanged be.
But unto God for Mercy cry ;
Else hang'd you may be e're you die.

Emblem X.



Fulcrum Tutissimum.



T H E
Tenth Emblem
Illustrated.

*We then have got the surest Prop,
When Heaven alone becomes our Hope.*

I Shou'd not care how hard my *Fortunes* were,
Might still my *Hopes* be such as now they are,
Of Helps Divine ; nor fear how poor I be,
If Thoughts yet present still may bide in me.
For they have left assurance of such *Aid*,
That I am of no Dangers now afraid.

Yea, now I see, methinks, what weak and vain
Supporters I have sought, to help sustain

My

My fainting Heart, when some injurious Hand,
Wou'd undermine the Station where I stand.
Methinks I see how scurvy, and how base
It is, to scrape for Favours and for Grace,
To Men of earthly Minds; and unto those,
Who may perhaps before to morrow, lose
Their Wealth, (or their abus'd Authority)
And stand as much in want of Help as I.

Methinks in this *new Rapture*, I do see
The Hand of *God* from Heav'n supporting me,
Without those *rotten Aids*, for which I whin'd
When I was of my t'other *vulgar Mind*;
And if in some one part of me it lay,
I now cou'd cut that *Limb* of mine away.
Still might I keep this Mind, there were enough
Within my self, (beside that cumbring Stuff
We seek *without*) which, husbanded aright,
Wou'd make me *rich* in all the *World's* despight.
And I have hopes, that had she quite bereft me
Of those few *Rags* and *Toys* which yet are left me,

I shou'd on *God* alone so much depend,
That I shou'd need nor *Wealth*, nor other *Friend*.

Lot. 10.

BEcause her Aid makes goodly Shows,
You on the World your Trust repose ;
And his Dependance you despise,
Who clearly on Heaven's Help relies,

That therefore you may come to see,
How pleas'd and safe those Men may be,
Who have no Aid but God alone ;
This Emblem you have lighted on.

Emblem XI.

Emblem XI.



Serva Modum.

The



T H E
Eleventh Emblem
Illustrated.

*Do not the Golden Mean exceed,
In Word, in Passion, nor in Deed.*

AS is the head-strong *Horse*, and blockish
Mule,
 Ev'n such, without the *Bridle* and the *Rule*,
 Our *Nature* grows ; and is as mischievous,
 Till *Grace* and *Reason* come to govern us.
 The *Square* and *Bridle* therefore let us heed,
 And thereby learn to know what *Helps* we need ;
 Lest else (they failing timely to be had)
 Quite out of *Order* we at length be made.

The *Square* (which is an useful *Instrument*,
To shape forth senseless *Forms*) may represent
The *Law* : Because *Mankind* (which is by
Nature

Almost as dull as is the *senseless creature*)
Is thereby from the *native Rudeness* wrought,
And in the *Way* of honest living taught.
The *Bridle*, (which Invention did contrive,
To rule and guide the *Creature-sensitive*)
May type forth *Discipline* ; which when the *Law*
Hath school'd the *Wit*, must keep the *Will* in
awe.

And he that can by these his *Passions* bound,
This *Emblem's* Meaning, usefully, hath found.

Lord, let thy sacred *Law* at all times be,
A *Rule*, a *Master*, and a *Glass* to me ;
(A *Bridle* and a *Light*) that I may, still,
Both know my *Duty*, and obey thy *Will*.
Direct my *Feet*, my *Hands* instruct thou so,
That I may neither *wander* nor *mis-do*.
My *Looks*, my *Hearing*, and my *Words* confine,
To keep still firm to ev'ry *Word* of thine.

On thee let also my *Desires* attend,
And let me hold this *Temper* till mine end.

Lot II.

YOUR Wits, your Wishes, and your Tongue
Have run the Wild-Goose-Chase too long;
And (lest all Reason you exceed)
Yo now of Rule and Reins have need.

A Bridle therefore and a Square,
Chief Figures in your Emblem are.
Observe their Moral, and alway
Be wise and sober as you may.

Emblem XII.

Emblem XII.



Paupertate premor, sublevor Ingenio.



T H E
Twelfth Emblem
Illustrated.

*My Wit got Wings, and high had flown,
But Poverty did keep me down.*

YOU little think what plague it is to be
In plight like *him*, whom pictur'd here
you see.

His *winged Arm*, and his *up-lifted Eyes*,
Declare that he hath *Wit*, and *Will*, to rise :
The *Stone*, which clogs his other *Hand*, may
show,

That *Poverty* and *Fortune* keep him low :
And 'twixt these *two*, the *Body* and the *Mind*,
Such Labours and such great Vexations find,
That,

That, If you did not such Mens Wants contemn,
You cou'd not chuse but help, or pity them.

All Ages had (and this I know hath some)
Such Men as to this Misery do come :
And many of them at their *Lot* so grieve,
As if they knew (or did at least believe)
That had their *Wealth* suffic'd them to aspire
(To what their *Wits deserve*, and *they desire*)
The present Age, and future Ages too,
Might Gain have had from what they thought
to do.

Perhaps I dream'd so once : But, God be prais'd,
The *Clog* which kept me down from being rais'd,
Was chain'd so fast, that (if such *Dreams* I had)
My *Thoughts* and *Longings* are not now so mad.
For plain I see, that had my *Fortunes* brought
Such *Wealth* at first as my small *Wit* hath fought,
I might my self and others have undone,
Instead of *Courses* which I thought to run :
I find my *Poverty* for me was fit ;
Yea, and a *Blessing* greater than my *Wit*.

And whether now I *rich* or *poor* become,
'Tis nor much *pleasing* nor much *troublesom*.

Lot 12.

THou think'st thy Wit had made thee Great,
Had Poverty not been some let :
But had thy Wealth as ample been,
As thou didst think thy Wit so fine,

Instead of thy desired height,
Perhaps thou hadst been ruin'd quite. .
Hereafter therefore be content
With whatsoever Heav'n hath sent.

Emblem XIII.



Stultorum Adjumenta Nocumenta.



T H E
Thirteenth Emblem
Illustrated.

*The best Good Turns that Fools can do us,
Prove Disadvantages unto us.*

A Fool sent forth to fetch the Goslings home,
When they unto a River's brink were come,
(Thro' which their Passage lay) conceiv'd a Fear,
His Dame's best Brood might have been drowned
there ;

Which to avoid, he thus did shew his Wit,
And his good Nature in preventing it:
He underneath his Girdle thrusts their Heads,
And then the Coxcomb thro' the Water wades.

Here learn, that when a *Fool* his help intends,
 It rather doth a Mischief than befriends ;
 And think, if there be Danger in his *Love*,
 How harmful his *Maliciousness* may prove :
 For from his *Kindness* tho' no Profit rise,
 To do thee spight his *Malice* may suffice.
 I could not from a *Prince* beseech a Boon,
 By suing to his *Jester* or *Buffoon* :
 Nor any Fool's vain Humour sooth or serve
 To get my Bread, tho' I were like to starve.
 For to be *poor* I should not blush so much,
 As if a *Fool* shou'd raise me to be *rich*.

Lord, tho' of such a kind my Faults may be,
 That sharp *Affliction* still must tutor me,
 (And give me due *Correction* in her Schools)
 Yet, oh preserve me from the Scorn of *Fools*.
 Those wicked *Fools*, that in their Hearts have said
 There is no God ; and rather give me *Bread*
 By *Ravens*, LORD, or in a *Lion's Den*,
 Than by the Favours of such foolish Men ;

Lest if their *Dainties* I should swallow down,
 Their *Smile* might more undo me than their
Frown.

Lot. 13.

THou dost not greatly care by whom
Thy Wealth, or thy Preferments come ;
So thou may'st get them, Fool or Knave,
Thy Prayers and thy Praise may have.

Because thou dost not fear nor dream
What disadvantage comes by them :
But by thine Emblem, thou may'st see,
Fools Favours mischievous may be.

Emblem XIV.



Pueros castigo, Viroſque.



T H E
 Fourteenth Emblem
 Illustrated.

*Behold and mark the Picture here,
 Of what keeps Man and Child in Fear.*

THese are the great'st *Afflictions* most Men
 have,
 Ev'n from their *Nursing-Cradle* to their *Grave* ;
 Yet both so needful are, I cannot see
 How either of them may well spared be.
 The *Rod* is that which most our *Childhood* fears,
 And seems the great'st *Affliction* that it bears :
 That which to *Manhood* is a *Plague* as common,
 (And more unsufferable) is a *Woman*.

Yet blush not *Ladies*, neither frown, I pray,
 That thus of *Women* I presume to say ;
 Nor number me as yet among your *Foes*,
 For I am more your *Friend* than you suppose.
 Nor smile ye *Men*, as if from hence ye had
 An Argument that *Woman-kind* were bad.
 The *Birch* is blameless (yea, by Nature sweet
 And gentle) till with stubborn Boys it meet,
 But then it smarts. So *Women* will be kind,
 Until with froward *Husbands* they are join'd ;
 And then indeed (perhaps) like Birchen-boughs,
 (Which else had been a trimming to their House)
 They sometimes prove sharp *Whips* and *Rods* to
 them

That *Wisdom* and *Instruction* do contemn.

A *Woman* was not given for *Correction*,
 But rather for a furth'rance to *Perfection* ;
 A precious *Balm of Love* to cure Man's Grief,
 And of his Pleasures to become the chief.
 If therefore she occasion any Smart,
 The Blame he merits wholly, or in part :

For, like sweet *Honey*, she good *Stomachs* pleases,
 But pains the *Body* subject to *Diseases*.

Lot 14.

M.

THE time hath been, that of the Rod
Thou wert more fearful than of God.
But now, unless thou prudent grow,
More cause thou hast to fear a *Shrow*.

For from the Rod now thou art free,
A Woman shall thy Torment be.
Yet do not thou at her repine,
For all the Fault is only thine.

Choice Emblems,
Emblem XV.



Concordia Insuperabilis.



T H E
Fifteenth Emblem
Illustrated.

*Where many Forces joined are,
Unconquerable Pow'r is there.*

AN *Emblem's* Meaning here I thought to
 consider,
 And this doth rather fashion out a *Monster*,
 Than form an *Hieroglyphick* : but I had
 These *Figures* (as you see them) ready made
 By others ; and I mean to *moralize*
 Their Fancies, not to mend what they devise.
 Yet peradventure, with some vulgar Praise,
 This *Picture* (tho' I like it not) displays

The

The *Moral* which the *Motto* doth imply,
And thus it may be said to signify :

He that hath many *Faculties*, or *Friends*,
To keep him safe (or to acquire his ends)
And fits them so, and keeps them so together,
That still as readily they aid each other,
As if so many *Hands* they had been made,
And in *one Body* useful being had ;
That Man by their Assistance, may at length
Attain to an *unconquerable Strength*,
And crown his honest *Hopes* with whatsoever
He seeks for by a warranted Endeavour.

Or else it might be said, that when we may
Make our *Affections* and our *Sense* obey
The Will of *Reason*, (and so well agree,
That we may find them still at peace to be)
They'll guard us like so many *Armed Hands*,
And safely keep us whatsoe'er withstands.
If others think this *Figure* here infers
A better Sense, let those *Interpreters*

Unriddle it, and preach it where they please ;
Their *Meanings* may be good, and so are these.

Lot 15.

IF all your Powers you shou'd unite,
In your Desires prevail you might ;
And sooner shou'd effect your ends,
If you shou'd muster up your Friends.

But since your best Friends do suspect,
That you such Policy neglect,
Your Lot presenteth to your View,
An Emblem which instructeth you.

Emblem XVI.



Non Sceptro sed Plectro ducitur.



T H E
Sixteenth Emblem
Illustrated.

*A fickle Woman wanton grown,
Prefers a Crowd before a Crown.*

FOOL! Dost thou hope thine *Honours* or thy
Gold
 Shall gain thee *Love*? Or that thou hast her Heart,
 Whose Hand upon thy tempting *Bait* laies hold?
 Alas! fond *Lover*! thou deceived art.
 She that with *Wealth* and *Titles* can be won,
 Or woo'd with *Vanities*, will wav'ring be;
 And when her Love thou most dependest on,
 A *Fiddle-stick* shall win her Heart from thee.

To

To *Youth* and *Musick Venus* leaneth most,
And (tho' her Hand she on the *Scepter* lay)
Let *Greatness* of her Favours never boast,
For *Heart* and *Eye* are bent another way.
And lo no glorious Purchase that Man gets,
Who hath with such poor *Trifles* woo'd and won:
Her footing on a *Ball* his *Mistress* sets,
Which in a Moment slips, and she is gone.
A *Woman* meerly with an *Out-side* caught,
Or tempted with a *Galliard* or a *Song*,
Will him forsake (whom she most lovely thought)
For *Players* and for *Tumblers* e'er't be long.

You then that wish your *Love* shou'd ever last,
(And wou'd enjoy *Affection* without changing)
Love where your *Loves* may worthily be plac'd,
And keep your own *Affection* still from ranging.
Use noble means your Longings to attain;
Seek equal *Minds*, and well-beseeming *Years*:
They are (at best) vain *Fools* whom *Folly* gain;
But there is *Bliss* where *Vertue* most endears:

And wheresoe'er *Affection* she procures,
In spight of all *Temptations* it endures.

Lot 16.

M.

IF some here present this had got,
They wou'd have blush'd at their Lot;
Since very fit the same doth prove,
For one unconstant in his Love;

Or one that has a fickle Mate.
If you enjoy a better Fate,
Yet hearken what your Lot doth say,
Lest you hereafter want it may.

Emblem XVII.

Emblem XVII.



Non obest Virtuti Sors.



T H E
Seventeenth Emblem
Illustrated.

*Tho' Fortane prove true Virtue's Foe,
It cannot work her Overthrow.*

UNhappy Men are they, whose Ignorance
So slaves them to the *Fortunes* of the time,
That they (attending on the Lot of *Chance*)
Neglect by *Vertue* and *Deserts* to climb.
Poor *Heights* they be which *Fortune* rears unto,
And fickle is the *Favour* she bestows :
To day she makes, to morrow doth undo ;
Builds up, and in an instant overthrows.
On easy *Wheels* to Wealth and Honours high,
She winds Men oft before they be aware,

And

And when they dream of most *Prosperity*,
Down headlong throws them lower than they were.

You then that seek a more assur'd Estate,
On good and honest *Objects* fix your *Mind*,
And follow *Vertue*, that you may a *Fate*
Exempt from fear of Change, or Dangers, find.
For he that's *vertuous*, whether high or low
His *Fortune* seems (or whether foul or fair
His *Path* he finds) or whether Friend or Foe
The *World* doth prove; regards it not a hair.
His *Loss* is *Gain*; his *Poverty* is *Wealth*;
The *World's Contempt* he makes his *Diadem*;
In *Sickness* he rejoiceth, as in *Health*;
Yea, *Death* it self becometh *Life* to him.
He fears no Disrespect, no bitter Scorn,
Nor subtile Plottings, nor Oppression's Force;
Nay, tho' the World shou'd topsy-turvy turn,
It cannot fright him, nor divert his Course.

Above all Earthly Pow'rs his *Vertue* rears him,
And up with *Eagles* Wings to Heav'n it bears him.

Lot 17.

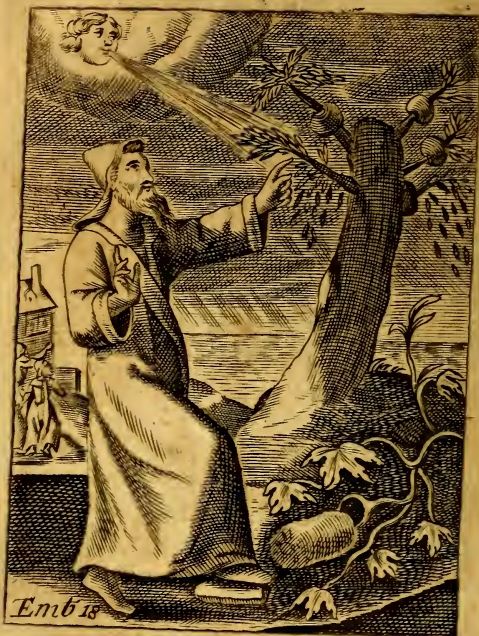
M.

THis Man, whatever he may seem,
Is worthy of an high Esteem;
Tho' Fortune may his Person grind,
She cannot yet disturb his Mind.

Yea blest'd and happy shou'd we be,
Were all of us but such as he:
Read but his Motto which you drew,
For that in part the same will shew.

Emblem XVIII.

Emblem XVIII.



Noli Altum Sapere.



T H E
Eighteenth Emblem
Illustrated.

*Above thy Knowledge do not rise,
But with Sobriety be wise.*

E*xalt thou not thy self, tho' plac'd thou be
Upon the top of that old Olive-Tree,
From whence the nat'ral Branches prun'd have bin,
That thou the better might'st be grafted in.
Be not so over-wise as to presume,
The Gard'ner for thy Goodness did assume
Thy small Crab-Olive, to insert it there
Where once the sweetest Berries growing were.
Nor let thy Pride those few old Boughs contemn,
Which yet remain upon their antient Stem,
Because*

Because thy new-incorporated *Sprays*
Do more enjoy the *Sun's* refreshing Rays:
But humbled rather, and more awful be,
Lest *he* that cut off *them*, do break down *thee*.

Be *wise* in what may to thy good belong,
But seek not *Knowledge* to thy Neighbour's wrong:
Be thankful for the *Grace* thou hast receiv'd,
But judge not those who seem thereof bereav'd;
Nor into those forbidden *Secrets* peep,
Which *God Almighty* to himself doth keep.
Remember what our Father *Adam* found,
When he for *Knowledge* sought beyond his bound.
For doubtless ever since, both *good* and *ill*
Are left with *Knowledge* intermingled still;
And (if we be not humble, meek and wary)
We are in daily Danger to miscarry.
Large proves the Fruit which on the *Earth* doth
lie,
Winds break the Twig that's grafted *over-high*;

And he that will beyond his Bounds be *wise*,
Becomes a very *Fool* before he dies.

Lot 18.

THis Lot those Persons always finds,
That have high Thoughts and lofty minds :
Or such as have an itch to learn
That which doth nothing them concern:

Or love to peep with daring Eyes
Into forbidden Mysteries.
If any one of these thou be,
Thine Emblem better teacheth thee.

Emblem XIX.



Tractant Fabrilia Fabri.



T H E
Nineteenth Emblem
Illustrated.

*When each Man keeps unto his Trade,
Then all Things better will be made.*

WE more should thrive, and err the seldomer,
If we were like this honest *Carpenter*,
Whose *Emblem* in reproof of those is made,
That love to meddle farther than their *Trade*.
But most are now exceeding cunning grown
In ev'ry Man's Affairs, except their own :
Yea, *Coblers* think themselves not only able
To censure, but to mend *Apelles* Table.

Great Men sometimes will gravely undertake
To teach how *Brooms* and *Mortar* we shou'd make.
Their Indiscretions *Peasants* imitate,
And boldly meddle with Affairs of *State*.
Some *Houſwives* teach their *Teachers* how to pray;
Some *Clerks* have ſhew'd themſelves as wiſe as
they ;
And in their Callings as diſcreet have been
As if they taught their *Grandames* how to *ſpin*.
And if theſe *Cuſtoms* laſt a few more Ages,
All Countries will be nothing elſe, but *Stages*
Of evil-acted and miſtaken parts,
Or *Gallemaufries* of imperfect *Arts*.

But I my ſelf (you'll ſay) have medlings made
In things that are improper to my *Trade*.
No ; for the *MUSES* are in all things free,
Fit Subject of their *Verſe* all Creatures be ;
And there is nothing nam'd, ſo mean or great,
Whereof they have not Liberty to treat.
Both *Earth* and *Heav'n* are open unto theſe,
And (when to take more Liberty they pleaſe)

They *Worlds* and *things* create which never were,
And when they liſt they *play* and *meddle* there.

Lot. 19.

IF all be true these Lots do tell us,
Thou should'st be of those prating Fellows,
Who better practised are grown
In others matters than their own;

Or one that covets to be thought
A Man that's ignorant of nought.
If it be so, thy Moral shows
Thy Folly, and from whence it flows.

Emblem XX.



Constante Fiducia.



T H E
 Twentieth Emblem
 Illustrated.

*They after Suff'ring shall be crown'd,
 In whom a Constant Faith is found.*

MArk well this *Emblem*, and observe you
 thence

The Nature of true *Christian Confidence*.

Her *Foot* is fixed on a *squared Stone*,

Which, whether side soe'er you turn it on,

Stands fast ; and is that *Corner-stone* which props

And firmly knits the structure of our *Hopes*.

She always bears a *Cross* ; to signifie,
 That there was never any *Constancy*

Without her *Tryals*, and that her Perfection
Shall never be attain'd without *Affliction*.

A *Cup* she hath moreover in her hand,
And by that *Figure* thou may'st understand,
That she hath Draughts of *Comfort* always near
her,

(At ev'ry brunt) to strengthen and to chear her.
And lo, *her* Head is crown'd, that we may see
How great her *Glories* and *Rewards* will be.

Hereby this *Vertue's* Nature may be known ;
Now practise how to make the same thine own.
Discourag'd be not, tho' thou art pursu'd
With many Wrongs which cannot be eschew'd :
Nor yield thou to *Despairing*, tho' thou hast
A *Cross* (which threatens death) to be embrac'd ;
Or tho' thou be compell'd to swallow up
The very Dregs of *Sorrow's* bitter *Cup* :
For whensoever Griefs or Torments pain thee,
Thou hast the same *Foundation* to sustain thee ;
The self same *Cup* of *Comfort* is prepar'd
To give thee Strength, when *fainting Fits* are fear'd.

And when thy *time of tryal* is expir'd,
Thou shalt obtain the *Crown* thou hast desir'd.

Lot 20.

TH Y Fortunes have been very bad,
For many Suff'rings thou hast had,
And Tryals too, which are unknown
To any but thy self alone.

But let nor Loss, nor Harm, nor Smart,
From constant Hopes remove thy Heart :
For see thine Emblem doth foreshew,
A good Conclusion will ensue.

Emblem XXI.



Emb: 21.

Furor fit læsa sæpius Patientia.



T H E

Twenty-first Emblem Illustrated.

*Who Patience tempts beyond its Strength,
Will turn't to Fury at the length.*

A Ltho' we know not a more patient Creature
Than is the *Lamb*, (or of less harmful
Nature)

Yet, as this *Emblem* shews, when childish Wrong
Hath troubled and provok'd him over-long,
He grows enrag'd, and makes the wanton *Boys*
Be glad to leave their Sports, and run their ways.

Thus have I seen it with some Children fare,
Who when their *Parents* too indulgent were,
Have

Have urg'd them till their *Doting* grew to *Rage*,
And shut them wholly from their Heritage.
Thus many times a foolish Man doth lose
His faithful Friends, and justly makes them Foes.
Thus froward *Husbands*, and thus peevish *Wives*,
Do fool away the Comfort of their Lives,
And by abusing of a *patient Mate*,
Turn dearest *Love* into the deadliest *Hate*:
For any wrong may better be excused,
Than *Kindness* long and wilfully abused.

But as an injur'd *Lamb* provoked thus,
Well typifies how much it moveth us
To find our *Patience* wrong'd ; so let us make
An *Emblem* of our selves, thereby to take
More heed how God is moved towards them,
That his *long-suff'ring* and his *Love* contemn.
For as we somewhat have of ev'ry *Creature*,
So we in us have somewhat of his *Nature*:
Or if it be not said *the same* to be,
His *Pictures* and his *Images* are we.

Let therefore his *long-suff'ring* well be weigh'd,
And keep us to *provoke him* still afraid.

Lot 21.

T'Hou hast provoked overlong
Their *Patience*, who neglect the Wrong;
And thou dost little seem to heed
What hurt it threatens if thou proceed.

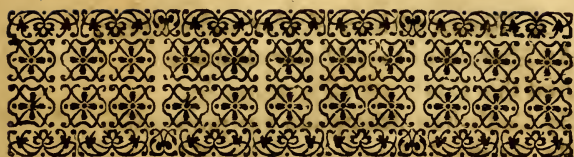
To thee thy Emblem therefore shows
To what abused *Patience* grows.
Observe it well, and make thy Peace
Before to Fury Wrath increase.

Emblem XXII.



Emb: 2. 2.

In Spe & Labore transigo Vitam.



T H E
Twenty-second Emblem
Illustrated.

*Our Days, until our Life hath end,
In Labour and in Hopes we spend.*

AS soon as our *first Parents* disobey'd,
Forthwith a *Curse* for their Offence was
laid,
Inforcing them, and their succeeding Race,
To get their Food with Sweatings of the Face.
But afterward, this *Doom* to mitigate,
(And ease the Miseries of their estate)
God gave them *Hope*, that she might help them
bear
The Burthens of their Travail and their Care.

A *Woman* with an *Anchor* and a *Spade*,
 An *Emblem* of that *Mystery* is made :
 And this *Estate* we all continue in,
 By *God's* free *Mercy* and our proper *Sin*.
 By *Sin* the *Labour* is on us intail'd,
 By *Grace* it is that *Hoping* hath not fail'd ;
 And if in *Hope* our *Labours* we attend,
 That *Curse* will prove a *Blessing* in the end.

My *Lot* is *Hope* and *Labour*, and between
 These *Two* my *Life-time* hath prolonged been.
 Yet hitherto the best of all my *Pain*,
 With most of all my *Hopes* have been in vain ;
 And to the *World-ward* I am like to waste
 My time in fruitless *Labours* till the last.

However, I have still my *Hopes* as fair
 As he that hath no temptings to *Despair* ;
 And change I will not my *last Hours* for theirs,
 Whose *Fortune* more desirable appears ;
 Nor cease to *Hope* and *Labour*, tho' of most
 My *Hope* and *Labour* be adjudged lost.

For tho' I lose the *Shadow* of my *Pains*,
 The *Substance* of it still in *God* remains.

Lot 22.

IN secret thou dost oft complain,
That thou hast hop'd and wrought in vain ;
And think'st thy Lot is far more hard
Than what for others is prepar'd.

An Emblem therefore thou hast got,
Which shews it is our common Lot
To work and hope, and that thou hast
A Blessing by it at the last.

Emblem XXIII.

Emblem XXIII.



Emb: 23.

Tamen discam.

The



T H E

Twenty-third Emblem Illustrated.

*To Learning I a Love should have,
Altho' one Foot were in the Grave:*

Here we an *aged Man* described have,
That hath *one Foot* already in the *Grave* :
And, if you mark it (tho' the *Sun* decline,
And horned *Cynthia* doth begin to shine)
With *open Book*, and with attentive *Eyes*,
Himself to compass *Knowledge* he applies :
And tho' that *Evening* end his last of *Days*,
Yet *I will study, more to learn*, he says.

From

From this we gather, that while time doth last,
 The time of *Learning* never will be past ;
 And that each Hour, till we our *Life* lay down,
 Still something touching *Life* is to be known.
 When he was old wise *Cato* learned Greek :
 But we have *aged folks* that are to seek
 Of that which they have much more cause to learn,
 Yet no such mind in them we shall discern.
 For that which they shou'd study in their *prime*,
 Is oft deferred till their *latter time* ;
 And then *Old Age* unfit for *Learning* makes them,
 Or else that common *Dulness* overtakes them,
 Which makes ashamed that it should be thought,
 They need, like *little Children*, to be taught.
 And so out of this World they do return
 As wise as in that Week when they were born.

God grant me *Grace* to spend my *Life-time* so,
 That I my *Duty* still may seek to know ;
 And that I never may so far proceed,
 To think that I more Knowledge do not need ;

But in Experience may continue growing,
 Till I am fill'd with Fruits of pious Knowing.

Lot 23.

BY this your Emblem we discern,
That you are yet of Age to learn ;
And that when elder you shall grow
There will be more for you to know.

Presume not therefore of your Wit,
But strive that you may better it ;
For of your Age we many view
That far more Wisdom have than you.

Emblem XXIV.

Emblem XXIV.



Emb. 24.

Transitus Celer est, & avolamus.



T H E

Twenty-fourth Emblem

Illustrated.

*Where'er we are the Heavens are near,
Let us but fly and we are there.*

WHy with a trembling Faintness shou'd we
fear
The Face of *Death*? and fondly linger here,
As if we thought the *Voyage* to be gone
Lay thro' the Shades of *Styx* or *Acheron*?
Or that we either were to travel down
To uncouth *Depths*, or up some *Heights* unknown?
Or to some place remote, whose nearest end
Is farther than Earth's Limits do extend?

It

It is not by one half that Distance thither
Where *Death* lets in, as it is any whither :
No not by half so far as to your Bed,
Or to that Place where you should rest your Head :
If on the Ground you laid your self (ev'n there)
Where at this Moment you abiding are.
This *Emblem* shews (if well you look thereon)
That from your *Glass of Life* which is to run,
There's but one Step to *Death*, and that you tread
At once among the *Living* and the *Dead*.

In whatsoever *Land* we live or *die*,
God is the same ; and *Heav'n* is there as nigh,
As in that *Place* wherein we most desire
Our *Souls* with our last Breathing to expire.
Which things well heeding, let us not delay
Our *Journey* when we summon'd are away,
(As those inforced *Pilgrims* use to do,
That know not whither, nor how far they go.)
Nor let us dream that we in *Time* or *Place*,
Are far from ending our uncertain *Race*.

But let us fix on *Heav'n* a faithful Eye,
And still be *flying thither* till we die.

Lot. 24.

TO your long Home you nearer are
Than you it may be are aware;
Yea, and more easy is the way
Than you perhaps conceive it may.

Left therefore Death shou'd grim appear,
And put you in a causeless Fear,
Or out of minding wholly pass,
This *Chance* to you allotted was.

Emblem XXV.



Transcat.



T H E

Twenty-fifth Emblem Illustrated.

*A Sive of Shelter maketh show,
But ev'ry Storm will thro' it go.*

SOME Men, when for their Actions they procure
A likely colour, (be it ne'er so vain)
Proceed as if their *Projects* were as sure,
As when *sound Reason* did their Course maintain.
And these not much unlike those *Children* are,
Who thro' a *Storm* advent'ring desp'rately,
Had rather on their Heads a *Sive* to bear,
Than *Cov'rings* that may serve to keep them dry.
For at a distance that perchance is thought
A helpful *Shelter*, and yet proves to those

Who need the same, a *Toy* which profits nought,
Because each Drop of Rain quite thro' it goes.
So they, whose foolish *Projects* for a while
Do promise their *Projectors* hopeful ends,
Shall find them in the *Tryal* to beguile,
And that both *Shame* and *Want* on them attends.

Such like is their estate, who (to appear
Rich Men to others) do with inward Pain,
A gladsome outward *Port* desire to bear,
Tho' they at last nor *Wealth* nor *Credit* gain.
And such are all those *Hypocrites*, who strive
False *Hearts* beneath *Fair-spoken-Words* to hide ;
For they o'ervail themselves but with a *Sive*,
Thro' which their Purposes at length are spy'd :
And then they either wofully lament
Their *brutish Folly*, or so harden'd grow
In sinning, that they never can repent ;
Nay, jest and scoff at their own Overthrow.

But no false *Vail* can serve (when *God* will smite)
To save a *Scorner*, or an *Hypocrite*.

Lot 25.

TAke heed you do not quite forget
That you are dancing in a Net,
Many there are your *Ways* do see,
Altho' you think unseen you be.

Your Faults we will no nearer touch,
Methinks your Emblem blabs too much ;
But if you mend what is amiss,
You shall be ne'er the worse for this.

Emblem XXVI.



Emb: 2. 6.

Gaudet Patientia duris.



T H E

Twenty-sixth Emblem
Illustrated.

*He that enjoys a patient Mind,
Can Pleasure in Affliction find.*

What means this *Country Peasant* skipping
here,
Thro' prickling *Thistles* with such joyful cheer;
And plucking off their Tops, as tho' for *Posies*.
He gather'd Violets, or toothless *Roses*?
What meaneth it, but only to express
How great a Joy well-grounded *Patientness*
Retains in Suff'rings? and what sport she makes
When she her Journey thro' *Affliction* takes?

I oft have said (and have as oft been thought
To speak a *Paradox*, that favours nought
Of likely Truth) that some *Afflictions* bring
A *Honey-bag* which cureth ev'ry Sting,
(That wounds the *Flesh*) by giving to the *Mind*
A pleasing Taste of *Sweetnesses* refin'd.
Nor can it other be, except in those
Whose better part quite stupified grows,
By being cauterized in the Fires
Of childish *Fears*, or temporal *Desires*.

For as the *Valiant* (when the *Coward* swoons)
With Gladness lets the *Surgeon* search his Wounds ;
And tho' they smart, yet cheerfully indures
The Plaisters and the Probe in hope of Cures :
So Men, assured that *Afflictions* Pain
Comes not for Vengeance to them, nor in vain,
But to prepare and fit them for the place
To which they willingly direct their pace ;
In Troubles are so far from being sad,
That of their *Suff'ring* they are truly glad.

Whatever others think, I thus believe ;
And therefore joy, when they suppose I grieve.

Lot 26.

AT your Afflictions you repine,
And in all Troubles cry and whine ::
As if to suffer brought no Joy,
But quite did all Content destroy.

That you may therefore patient grow,
And learn this Virtue's Power to know,
This Lot unto your View is brought ;
Peruse and practise what is taught.

Emblem XXVII.



Bella in Vista, Dentro Trista.



T H E

Twenty-seventh Emblem Illustrated.

*Deformity within may be,
Where outward Beauty we do see.*

Look well, I pray, upon this *Beldame* here,
For, in her *Habit*, tho' she gay appear,
You thro' her youthful *Vizard* may espy,
She's of an old *Edition* by her *Eye*:
And by her *Wainscot-Face* it may be seen,
She might your *Grandam's* first *Dry-Nurse* have
been.

This is an *Emblem* fitly shadding those,
Who making fair and honest outward shows,

Are inwardly deform'd, and nothing such
As they to be suppos'd have strived much.
They chuse their *words*, and play well-acted *parts*;
But hide most loathsome Projects in their Hearts;
And when you think sweet *Friendship* to embrace,
Some ugly *Treason* meets you in the Face.
I hate a painted *Brow*; I much dislike
A Maiden-blush dawb'd on a furrow'd *Cheek*;
And I abhor to see old *Wantons* play,
And suit themselves, like *Ladies of the May*.
But more (yea, most of all) my Soul despiseth
A *Heart* that in *Religious Forms* disguiseth
Prophane Intentions, and arrays in white
The Coal-black Conscience of an *Hypocrite*.
Take heed of such as these, and (if you may)
Before you trust them, track them in their way.
Observe their Footsteps in their private *Path*;
For these (as 'tis believ'd the *Devil* hath)
Have *cloven Feet*, that is, *two ways* they go,
One for their *ends*, and t'other for a *show*.

Now you thus warned are, Advice embrace,
And trust nor gawdy *Cloaths*, nor painted *Face*.

Lot 27.

Fine Cloaths, fair Words, inticing Face,
With Masks of Piety and Grace,
Oft cheat you with an outward show
Of that which proveth nothing so.

Therefore your Emblem's Moral read,
And e'er too far you do proceed,
Think whom you deal withal to day,
Who by fair Shews deceive you may.

Emblem XXVIII.

Emblem XXVIII.



Captivum impune laceffunt.

The



T H E
 Twenty-eighth Emblem
 Illustrated.

*When Magistrates confined are,
 They revel who were kept in Fear.*

A Tyrannous, or wicked *Magistrat*,
 Is fitly represented by a *Cat* :
 For tho' the *Mice* a harmful Vermine be,
 And *Cats* the Remedy; yet oft we see,
 That by the *Mice* far less some House-wives leese,
 Then when they set the *Cat* to keep the *Cheese*.
 A ravenous *Cat* will punish in the *Mouse*,
 The very same Offences in the House,
 Which he himself commits; yea, for that *Vice*
 Which was his own (with praise) he kills the *Mice*,
 And

And spoileth not anothers Life alone,
Ev'n for that very *Fault* which was his *own*,
But *feeds* and *fattens* in the Spoil of them
Whom he without Compaffion did condemn.
Nay, worfe than fo, he cannot be content
To flauhter them who are as innocent
As he *himself*, but he muft alfo play
And fport his woful *Pris'ners* Lives away;
More tort'ring them 'twixt fruitless *hopes* and *fears*,
Than when their Bowels with his Teeth he tears:
For by much Terror, and much Cruelty,
He kills them ten times over e'er they die.

When fuch like *Magiftrates* have rule obtain'd,
The beft Men with their Pow'r might be restrain'd:
But they who fhun Enormities thro' *Fear*,
Are glad when *good Men* out of Office are:
Yea, whether *Governors* be good or bad,
Of their Displacings *wicked Men* are glad;

And when they fee them brought into Difgraces,
They boldly play the *Knaves* before their Faces.

Lot 28.

M.

THou art, or else thou wert of late,
Some great or petty Magistrate ;
Or Fortune thereunto may chance
In time to come thee to advance.

But by thine Emblem thou may'st see,
That when restrain'd thy Pow'r shall be,
Offenders will thereof be glad,
And Scoff the Pow'r which thou hast had :
Observe it, and be so upright,
That thou may'st laugh at their Despight.

Emblem XXIX.

Emblem XXIX.



Persequar Extinctu.



T H E
 Twenty-ninth Emblem
 Illustrated.

*True Lovers Lives in one Heart Lie ;
 Both Live, or both together Die.*

HE that shall say he *Loves*, and was again
 So well-belov'd, that neither *He* nor *She*
 Suspects each other, neither needs to gain
 New Proofs that they in all Desires agree;
 And yet shall cool again in their *Affection*,
 (And leave to Love) or live till they are *Lovers*
 The second time, it some gross Imperfection
 In *One* (if not *Both*) of them discovers.

It was not *Love* which did between them grow,
 But rather somewhat like unto the same;

Which

Which (having made a fair deceiving *Show*)
Obtain'd a while that honourable Name.
For *false Affections* will together play
So lovingly, and oft so act those Parts
Which real seem, that for a time they may
Appear the *Children* of *unfeigned Hearts*.
Yea, many times true *Turtles* are deceiv'd
By counterfeited *Passions*, till their *Love*
Of her true *Object* finds her self bereav'd,
And after it is forced to remove.
But where *true Love* begetteth and enjoys
The proper *Object* which she doth desire,
Nor *Time*, nor *Injury* the same destroys,
But it continues a *perpetual Fire*.

Like am'rous *Thisbe* to her *Pyramus*,
On all occasions it continues true,
Nor *Night*, nor *Danger* makes it timorous,
But thro' all Perils it will him pursue.

Thus both in *Life*, in *Death*, in all estates,
True *Lovers* will be true *Associates*.

Lot 29.

Some think you Love ; 'tis true you do,
And are as well beloved too :
But you (if we the Truth may say)
Love not so truly as you may.

To make a perfect Love, there goes
Much more than ev'ry Lover knows.
Your Emblem therefore mind, and then
Begin anew to love agen.

Emblem XXX.

Emblem XXX.



Emb: 3. Q.

Nequid Nimis.

The



T H E
Thirtieth Emblem
Illustrated.

*Since over-much will over-fill,
Pour out enough, but do not spill.*

IT is this *Emblem's* meaning, to advance
The Love and Practice of true *Temperance*.
For by this *Figure* (which doth seem to fill
Until the *Liquor* overflow and spill)
We are, as by Example, taught to see
How fruitless our *Intemperancies* be :
Thus by the *Rule of Contrarieties*,
Some *Vertues* best are shewn to vulgar Eyes.

To

To see a nasty *Drunkard* reel and spew,
More moves to *Soberness* than can the view
Of twenty civil Men ; and to behold
One *Prodigal* (that goodly Lands hath fold)
Stand torn and louzy begging at the Door,
Would make *Intemperance* abhorred more
(And manly *Soberness* much better teach)
Than all that fix *Philosophers* can preach.
So by the *Vessel's* overflowing here,
True *Moderation* doth more prais'd appear
Than by the *Mean* it self : And without sin,
That's *pietur'd*, which to *do* had wicked been ;
For, tho' to vertuous ends, we do deny
The *doing Ill* that *Good* may come thereby.

From hence let us be taught that careful heed,
Whereby we should both *Mind* and *Body* feed.
Let us of our own selves observe the size,
How much we want, how little will suffice :
And our own *Longings* rather leave unfill'd,
Than suffer any Portion to be spill'd.

For what we *marr* shall to account be laid,
And what we wisely *spend* shall be repaid.

Lot. 30.

IF truly temperate thou be,
Why shou'd this Lot be drawn by thee?
Perhaps thou either dost exceed
In Clothes, or high dost drink or feed,

Beyond the mean. If this thou find,
Or know'st in any other kind,
How thou offendest by excess,
Now leave off thy Intemperateness.

G Emblem XXXI.

Emblem XXXI.



Emb: 31.

Legibus & Armis.



T H E

Thirty-first Emblem

Illustrated.

*When Law and Arms together meet,
The World descends to kiss their Feet.*

THE Picture of a *Crowned King* here stands
Upon a *Globe*, and with out-stretched hands,
Holds forth in view, a *Law-book* and a *Sword* :
Which plain and modern *Figures* may afford
This meaning ; That a *King* who hath regard
To *Courts* for *pleading*, and a *Court of Guard*,
And at all times a due respect will carry
To pious *Laws*, and *Actions military* ;
Shall not be *Monarch* only in those *Lands*
That are by *Birth-right* under his *Commands*,

But also might (if just occasion were)
Make this whole *Globe* of Earth his Power to fear;
Advance his *Favorites* ; and bring down all
His *Opposites* below his Pedestal.

His conquering *Sword* in foreign Realms he
draws,

As oft as there is just or needful cause :
At home, in ev'ry *Province* of his Lands,
At all times armed are his *Trained Bands*.
His *Royal Fleets* are Terrors to the Seas,
At all hours rigg'd for useful Voyages.
And often he his *Navy* doth increase,
That *Wars* Provisions may prolong his *Peace*.
Nor by the Tenure of the *Sword* alone
Delighteth he to hold his awful *Throne*,
But likewise labours Mischiefs to prevent,
By wholesome *Laws* and rightful *Government*.
For where the *Sword* commands without the *Law*,
A *Tyrant* keeps the Land in slavish awe :

And where good *Laws* do want an armed pow'r,
Rebellious *Knaves* their *Princes* will devour.

Lot 31.

M.

SOME urge their Princes on to War,
And weary of sweet Peace soon are.
Some seek to make them dote on Peace,
Till Publick Danger more increase ;

As if the World were kept in awe,
By nothing else but preaching Law.
The Moral is ; If such thou art,
Then act a Moderator's part.

Emblem XXXII.



Spes alit Agricolas.



T H E

Thirty-second Emblem

Illustrated.

*The Husbandman doth sow his Seeds,
And then on Hope till Harvest feeds.*

THE painful *Husbandman*, with sweaty brows,
Consumes in labour many a weary Day ;
To break the stubborn Earth he *digs* and *ploughs*,
And then the Corn he scatters on the Clay.
When that is done he *barrows* in the Seeds,
And by a well-cleans'd Furrow lays it dry ;
He frees it from the *Worms*, the *Moles*, the *Weeds* ;
He on the *Fences* also hath an Eye.
And tho' he see the chilling Winter bring
Snows, *Floods* and *Frosts*, his Labours to annoy ;

Tho' *blasting Winds* do nip them in the *Spring*,
And *Summers Mildews* threaten to destroy :
Yea, tho' not only *Days* but *Weeks* they are,
(Nay, many *Weeks* and many *Months* beside)
In which he must with pain prolong his care,
Yet constant in his Hopes he doth abide.
For this respect *H O P E's Emblem* here you see
Attends the *Plough*, that Men beholding it
May be instructed, or else minded be,
What Hopes continuing *Labours* will besit.
Tho' long thou toiled hast, and long attended
About such workings as are necessary,
And oftentimes, e'er fully they are ended,
Shalt find thy pains in danger to miscarry :
Yet be not out of *Hope*, nor quite dejected,
For buried Seeds will sprout when *Winter's* gone ;
Unlikelier things are many times effected ;
And *God* brings help when Men their best have done.

Yea, they that in *good works* their Life imploy,
Altho' they sow in *Tears*, shall reap in *Joy*.

Lot 32.

IN many things the worse thou art,
By thy despairing, fainting Heart.
And oft thy Labour and thy Cost,
For want of *Hopefulness* is lost.

Thou therefore by thy Lot art sent,
This Indiscretion to prevent,
And by the Plow-man's Hope to see
Thy Fault, and now reform'd to be.

Emblem XXXIII.



Emh: 33.

Puris Manibus.



T H E

Thirty-third Emblem
Illustrated.

*Let him that at God's Altar stands,
In Innocency wash his Hands.*

WHen (*Reader*) thou hast first of all survey'd
That Reverend *Priest* which here ingra-
ven stands,
In all his Holy *Vestiments* array'd,
Endeavouring for *Purified Hands* ;
Collect from hence, that when thou dost appear
To offer Sacrifice of *Praise* or *Prayer*,
Thou ought'st the *Robes* of *Righteousness* to
wear,
And by *Repentance* thy Defects repair.

For

For thou that with polluted *Hands* presum'st
 Before *God's* Altar to present thy Face,
 Or in the *Rags* of thine own *Merits* com'st,
 Shalt reap *Displeasure* where thou look'st for *Grace*.

Then if thou be of those that would aspire
 A *Priest* or *Prelate* in *God's* Church to be,
 Be sure thou first those *Ornaments* acquire
 Which may be suiting to that *high Degree*.
 Intrude not, as perhaps too many do,
 With *Gifts* unfit, or by an *Evil mean* ;
 Desire it with a right *Intention* too,
 And seek to keep thy *Conversation* clean.
 For they that have assum'd this *Holy Calling*
 With *Hands* impure, and *Hearts* unsanctify'd;
 Defame the *Truth*, give others cause of *Falling*,
 And scandalize their *Brethren* too beside.
 Yea, to themselves their very *Sacrifice*
 Becomes unhallow'd ; and their *Thanks* and
Prayers

The *God* of *Purity* doth so despise,
 That all their *Hopes* he turneth to *Despairs* ;

And all their best Endeavours countermands,
 Till they appear with unpolluted *Hands*.

Lot 33.

WHether meerly Chance or no,
Brought this Lot, we do not know :
But received let it be,
As Divinely sent to thee.

For that merits thy regard,
Which thine Emblem hath declar'd :
And the best that are have need
Such *Advise*ments well to heed.

Emblem XXXIV.



Embl: 34.

Ferio.

The



T H E
 Thirty-fourth Emblem
 Illustrated.

Be wary whosoe're you be,

For from Love's Arrows none are free.

G Allants, beware ; for here's a wanton *Wagg*,
 Who, having *Bows* and *Arrows*, makes
 his brag,

That he hath some unhappy trick to play,
 And vows to shoot at all he meets to day.
 Pray be not careless, for the *Boy* is blind,
 And sometimes strikes where most he seemeth
 kind.

This rambling *Archer* spares nor one, nor other ;
 Yea, otherwhile, the *Monkey* shoots his Mother.

Tho'

Tho' you be little *Children*, come not near,
For I remember (though't be many a year
Now gone and past) that when I was a *Lad*,
My Heart a prick by this young Wanton had
That pain'd me seven Years after : nor had I
The Grace (thus warn'd) to scape his waggery ;
But many times, ev'n since I was a Man,
He shot me oftner than I tell you can :
And if I had not been the stronger hearted,
I for my over-daring might have smarted.

You laugh now as if this were nothing so ;
But if you meet this *Blinkard* with his Bow,
You may, unless you take the better care,
Receive a *Wound* before you be aware.
I fear him not ; for I have learned how
To keep my Heart-strings from his Arrows now :
And so might you, and so might ev'ry one
That vain *Occasions* truly seeks to shun.
But if you slight my Counsels, you may chance
To blame at last your wilful Ignorance :

For some who thought at first his Wounds but
small,
Have died by them in an *Hospital*.

Lot 34.

THIS Lot of yours doth plainly show,
That in some Danger now you go ;
But Wounds by Steel yet fear you not,
Nor Pistolling, nor Canon-Shot ;

But rather dread the *Shafte*s that fly
From some deep-wounding Wanton's Eye :
Your greatest Perils are from thence,
Get therefore Armour of Defence.

Emblem XXXV.



Embl: 35.

Sapiens dominabitur Astris.



T H E
Thirty-fifth Emblem
Illustrated.

*He over all the Stars doth reign,
That unto Wisdom can attain.*

I Am not of their Mind, who think the *Sun*,
The *Moon*, the *Planets*, and those glorious
Lights

Which trim the *Spheres*, do in their *Motions* run
To no more purpose than to please our *Sights* :
Nor for distinguishment of *Nights* and *Days*,
Or of the *Seasons* and the *Times* alone,
Can I suppose the Hand of *God* displays
Those many *Stars* we nightly gaze upon :

For

For both by *Reason* and by *common Sense*,
We know (and often feel) that from above
The *Planets* have on us an *Influence* ;
And that our *Bodies* vary as they move.

Moreover *Holy Writ* infers that these
Have some such pow'r ; ev'n in those places where
It names *Orion* and the *Pleiades*,
Which *Stars* of much inferior Nature are.

Yet hence conclude not therefore, that the *Mind*
Is by the *Stars* constrained to obey
Their *Influence* ; or so by them inclin'd,
That by no means resist the same we may.
For tho' they form the *Body's* Temp'rature,
(And tho' the *Mind* inclineth after that)
By *Grace* another Temper we procure,
Which guides the *Motions* of *supposed Fate*.
The *Soul* of *Man* is nobler then the *Spheres*,
And if it gain the Place which may be had,
Not here alone on Earth the Rule it bears,
But is the *Lord* of all that *God* hath made.

Be wise in him, and if just cause there be,
The *Sun* and *Moon* shall stand and wait on thee.

Lot 35.

YOU seek a Lot, which proving bad,
Wou'd peradventure make you sad:
But this may please ; for you are taught,
To mend your Fortune when 'tis naught.

Being armed with such Counsel here,
That you no Destiny need fear ;
Now if you come to hurt or Shame,
Upon the Stars lay not the blame.

Emblem XXXVI.



Non te, sed Nummos.

The



T H E
 Thirty-sixth Emblem
 Illustrated.

*Thy seeming Lover false will be,
 And love thy Money more than thee.*

WHAT may the reason be so many wed,
 And miss the Blessings of a *joyful Bed*,
 But those ungodly and improper Ends,
 For which this Age most *Marriages* intends?
 Some love *plump flesh*; and those as kind will be
 To any gamesom *Wanton*, as to thee.
 Some dote on *Honours*; and all such will prize
 Thy Person meerly for thy *Dignities*.
 Some fancy *Pleasures*; and such *Flirts* as they
 With ev'ry *Hobby-horse* will run away.

Some

Some (like this *Couple* in our *Emblem* here)
Woove hard for *Wealth*; and very kind appear,
Till they have won their Prize: but then they
show

On what their best *Affections* they bestow.

This *Wealth*, is that sweet *Beauty*, which
prefers

So many to their *Executioners*.

This is that rare *Perfection*, for whose sake
The *Politician* doth his *Marriage* make.

Yea, most of those whom you shall married find,
Were cozen'd (or did cozen) in this kind;

And for some *by-respects* they came together,
Much more than for the sakes of one another.

If this concerns thee now, in any sense,
For thy Instruction take this warning hence:

If thou hast err'd already, then lament
Thy pass'd Crime, and bear thy Punishment.

If thou, as yet, but tempted art to err;
Then let this *Emblem* be thy *Counseller*.

For I have said my Mind; which if thou slight,
Go, and repent it on thy *Wedding-Night*.

Lot. 36.

THIS Lot may make us all suspect
That some wrong Object you affect.
And that where *Deareness* you pretend,
It is not for the noblest end.

What Mischief from such Falshood flows
Your Emblem very truly shows.
And may more happy make your Fate,
If this Advice come not too late.

H Emblem XXXVII.

Emblem XXXVII.



Emb: 37.

*Virtute ac Studio per Orbem Fama
perpetua comparatur.*



T H E

Thirty-seventh Emblem Illustrated.

*By Studiousness in Virtues ways,
Men gain an universal Praise.*

W H E N *Emblems* of too many parts consist,
Their Author was no choice *Emblematist*:
But is like those that waste whole *Hours* to tell,
What in three *Minutes* might be said as well.
Yet when each Member is interpreted,
Out of these vulgar *Figures* you may read
A *Moral*, (altogether) not unfit
To be remember'd, ev'n by *Men of wit*.
And if the *Kernel* prove to be of worth,
No matter from what *Shell* we drew it forth.

The *Square* whereon the *Globe* is placed here,
 Must *Vertue* be ; That *Globe* upon the *Square*
 Must mean the *World* ; The *Figure* in the *Round*
 (Which in appearance doth her *Trumpet* sound)
 Was made for *Fame* ; The *Book* she bears, may
 show

What *Breath* it is which makes her *Trumpet* blow:
 The *Wreath* inclosing all, was to intend
 A glorious *Praise*, that never shall have end.
 And these in one summ'd up, do seem to say,
 That (if Men *study* in a *vertuous* way)
 The *Trumpet* of a never-ceasing *Fame*,
 Shall thro' the *World* proclaim their praiseful *Name*.

Now, *Reader*, if large *Fame* be thy *Ambition*,
 This *Emblem* doth inform on what condition
 She may be gain'd : But (herein me believe)
 Thy *study* for meer *Praise* will thee deceive :
 And if thy *Vertues* be but only those
 For which the vulgar *Fame* her *Trumpet* blows,

Thy *Fame's* a *Blast* ; Thy *Vertues* *Vices* be ;
 Thy *Study's* vain, and *Shame* will follow thee.

Lot 37.

THou seek'st for Fame, and now art shown
For what her Trumpet shall be blown.
Thine Emblem also doth declare,
What Fame they get who Virtuous are,

For Praise alone ; And what Reward
For such like Studies is prepar'd.
Peruse it ; and this Counsel take,
Be Virtuous for meer Virtue's sake.

Emblem XXXVIII.



Deus nobis hæc Otia fecit.



T H E

Thirty-eighth Emblem Illustrated.

*The Gospel thankfully embrace;
For God vouchsafed us this Grace.*

THis modern *Emblem* is a mute expressing
Of God's great Mercies in a *Modern-blessing*;
And gives me now just cause to sing his praise,
For granting me my Being in these Days.
The much-desired *Messages* of Heav'n,
For which our *Fathers* would their Lives have
giv'n,
And (in *Groves, Caves and Mountains*, once a
Year)
Were glad, with hazard of their Goods, to hear ;

Or, in less bloody times, at their own homes,
To hear in private and obscured Rooms.

Lo ! those, those joyful *Tydings*, we do live,
Divulg'd in every *Village* to perceive ;
And that the Sounds of *Gladness* eccho may,
Thro' all our goodly *Temples* ev'ry day.

*This was (Oh God) thy doing ; unto thee,
Ascrib'd for ever let all Praises be.*

*Prolong this Mercy, and vouchsafe the Fruit
May to thy Labour on this Vineyard suit ;
Lest for our Fruitlessness, thy Light of Grace
Thou from our Golden Candlestick displace.*

*We do, me-thinks, already, Lord, begin
To wantonize, and let that loathing in
Which makes thy Manna tasteless : And I fear,
That of those Christians who more often hear
Than practise what they know, we have too many :
And I suspect my self as much as any.
Oh ! mend me so, that by amending me,
Amends in others may increased be :*

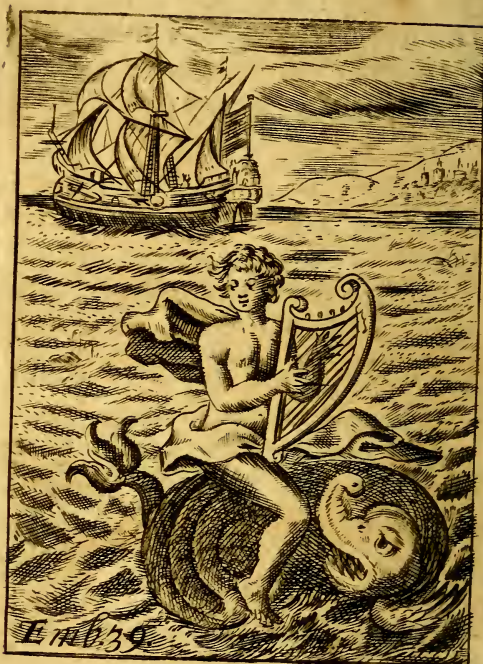
*And let all Graces which thou hast bestow'd,
Return thee honour, from whom first they
flow'd.*

Lot 38.

BY this thy Lot thou dost appear,
To be of those who love to hear
The Preacher's Voice : Or else of them,
That undervalue or contemn

Those daily showers of wholsom Words,
Which God in these our times affords,
Now which foe're of these thou be,
Thine Emblem something teacheth thee.

Emblem XXXIX.



Spernit Pericula Virtus.

The



T H E
 Thirty-ninth Emblem
 Illustrated.

*An Innocent no Danger fears,
 How great soever it appears.*

WHen some did seek *Arion* to have drown'd;
 He with a valiant heart his Temples crown'd;
 And when to drench him in the Seas they meant,
 He plaid on his melodious *Instrument*;
 To shew that *Innocence* disdain'd Fear,
 Tho' to be swallow'd in the *Deeps* it were.
 Nor did it perish, for upon her Back
 A *Dolphin* took him, for his *Musick's* sake:
 To intimate, that *Vertue* shall prevail
 With *Brutish* Creatures, if with Men it fail.

Most

Most vain is then their Hope, who dream they
can

Make wretched, or undo an *honest Man* :

For he whom vertuous *Innocence* adorns,

Insults o're *Cruelties*, and *Peril* scorns.

Yea, that by which Men purpose to *undo* him,

(In their despight) shall bring great *Honours* to
him.

Arion-like, the Malice of the *World*,

Hath into *Seas* of *Troubles* often hurl'd

Deserving Men ; altho' no Cause they had,

But that their *Words* and *Works* sweet *Musick* made.

Of all their outward Helps it hath bereft them,

Nor means, nor hopes of Comfort have been left
them,

But such as in the House of *Mourning* are,

And what good *Conscience* can afford them there.

Yet, *Dolphin*-like, their *Innocence* hath rear'd

Their Heads above those *Dangers* that appear'd.

God hath vouchsaf'd their harmless Cause to heed,

And ev'n in Thraldom so their Hearts hath freed,

That whil't they seem'd oppress'd and forlorn,

They joy'd and sung, and laugh'd the *World* to
scorn.

Lot 39.

YOU have been wronged many ways,
Yet Patient are, and that's your Praise.
Your Actions also seem'd upright,
Yet some there are that bear you spight.

Left therefore you discourag'd grow,
An Emblem you have drawn to show,
What other Innocents have born,
And how the Envious World to scorn.

Emblem XL.

*Emb: 40.**Non uno Sternitur ictu.*



T H E
Fortieth Emblem
Illustrated.

*By many strokes the Work is done,
Which cannot be perform'd by one.*

Despair not, *Man*, in what thou ought'st to do,
Altho' thou fail when one *Attempt* is made;
But add a *New Endeavour* thereunto,
And then another, and another add :
Yea, till thy Power and Life shall quite be spent,
Persist in seeking what thou should'st desire ;
For he that falleth from a good *Intent*,
Deserves not that to which he did aspire.
Rich *Treasures* are by *Nature* placed deep,
And e'er we gain them we must pierce the *Rocks* :
Such

Such *Perils* also them as *Guardians* keep,
That none can win them without wounds and
knocks.

Moreover, *Glories*, *Thrones*, are so sublime,
That whosoever thinks their Top to gain,
Till many thousand weary steps he climb,
Doth fool himself by Musings which are vain.

And yet there is a *Path-way* which doth lead
Above the highest things that Men can see ;
And (tho' it be not known to all who tread
The *Common Tract*) it may ascended be.
As therefore none should greater things presume
Than well becomes their Strength ; so none
shou'd fear

(Thro' *Folly*, *Sloth*, or *Baseness*) to assume
Such things upon them which befitting are.
Since by *Degrees* we many things see wrought,
That seem'd impossible to have been done,
When they were first conceived in the thought,
And such as these we may adventure on.

My *Arm* I know in time will fell an *Oak* ;
But I will ne'er attempt it at a *Stroak*.

Lot 40.

THIS Lot befell the for the nonce,
For if things come not all at once,
Thou to despairing soon dost run,
Or leav'st the Work that's well begun.

Which to prevent regardful be,
Of what thine Emblem counsels thee.

Emblem XLI.

Emblem XLI.



Emb: 41.

Ne teneat.

The



T H E
Forty-first Emblem
Illustrated.

*Occasions past are sought in vain;
But oft they wheel about again.*

UNwise are they that spend their youthful
Prime
 In Vanities; as if they did suppose
 That Men at pleasure might redeem the *Time*;
 For they a fair Advantage fondly lose.
 As ill advis'd be those, who having lost
 The first *Occasions*, to *despairing* run:
 For *Time* hath *Revolutions*; and the most,
 For their Affairs have *Seasons* more than one.

Nor

Nor is their Folly small who much depend
On *Transitory things*, as if their Power
Cou'd bring to pass what shou'd not have an *End*,
Or compass that which *Time* will not devour.

The first *Occasions* therefore see thou take
(Which offer'd are) to bring thy hopes about ;
And mind thou still what *Haste* away they make,
Before thy swift-pac'd Hours are quite run out.
Yet, if an *Opportunity* be past,
Despair not thou, as they that hopeless be ;
Since *Time* may so revolve again at last,
That *New Occasions* may be offer'd thee.
And see thou trust not on those fading things,
Which by thine own *Endeavours* thou acquir'st,
For *Time* (which her own *Births* to ruin brings)
Will spare not *thee*, nor ought which thou desir'st.
His *Properties* and *Uses*, what they are,
In vain observ'd will be when he is fled :
That they in season therefore may appear,
Our *Emblem* thus hath him deciphered ;

Bald save before, and standing on a *Wheel*,
A *Razor* in his Hand, 'a *Winged Heel*.

Lot 41.

Much Liberty thou hast assum'd,
And heretofore so much presum'd
On Time, which always rideth post,
That for a while some Hopes are crost.

But see, to keep thee from Despair,
And thy Misfortune to repair,
Mark what to thee thy Lot doth tell,
And Practise what is Counsell'd well.

Emblem XLII.

Emblem XLII.



Viribus jungenda Sapientia.

The



T H E
Forty-second Emblem
Illustrated.

*When great Attempts are undergone,
Join Strength and Wisdom both in one.*

IF (*Reader*) thou desirous be to know
What by the *Centaur* seemeth here intended ;
What also by the *Snake*, and by the *Bow*,
Which in his hand he beareth alway bended :
Learn, that this *half-a-man*, and *halfe-a-horse*,
Is antient *Hieroglyphick*, teaching thee,
That *Wisdom* shou'd be joyn'd with outward
Force,
If prosperous we desire our Works to be.

His

His *Upper Part* the shape of *Man* doth bear,
To teach that *Reason* must become our *Guide* :
The *Hinder Parts* a *Horse's* Members are,
To shew that we must also *Strength* provide.
The *Serpent* and the *Bow* do signifie
The same (or matter to the same effect ;))
And by two *Types* one *Moral* to imply,
Is doubled a *fore-warning* of *Neglect*.
When *Knowledge* wanteth *Power* despis'd we
grow,
And know but how to aggravate our Pain :
Great *Strength* will work its own sad *Overthrow*,
Unless it guided be with *Wisdom's* Rein.

*Therefore, O God, vouchsafe thou so to marry
The Gifts of Soul and Body both in me,
That I may still have all things necessary
To work, as I commanded am by thee.
And let me not possess them, Lord, alone,
But also know their use ; and so well know it,
That I may do each Duty to be done ;
And with upright Intentions always do it,*

*If this be more than yet obtain I may,
My Will accept thou for the Deed I pray.*

Lot. 42.

Great things to do thou hast a mind,
But power thereto thou canst not find;
Sometimes thy Power doth seem to fit,
But then thou failest in thy Wit.

Such Undertakings therefore chuse,
(If thou thy Time wilt not abuse)
As to thy Power and Wit agree,
And then let both employed be.

Emblem XLIII.



Emb. 4

In Silentio & Spe.

The



T H E

Forty-third Emblem

Illustrated.

*They that in Hope and Silence live,
The best Contentment may atchieve.*

IF thou desire to cherish true Content,
And in a troublous time that course to take,
Which may be likely mischiefs to prevent,
Some use of this our *Hieroglyphick* make.
The *Fryer's Habit* seemeth to import,
That thou (as antient *Monks* and *Fryers* did)
Shouldst live remote from places of resort,
And in *retiredness* lie closely hid.
The *clasped-Book* doth warn thee to retain
Thy *thoughts* within the compass of thy breast ;

And in a quiet *silence* to remain,
Until thy mind may safely be exprest.
That *Anchor* doth inform thee, that thou must
Walk on in *Hope* ; and in thy Pilgrimage
Bear up (without *despairing* or *distrust*)
Those wrongs and sufferings which attend thine *Age*.

For whensoever *Oppression* groweth rise,
Obscureness is more safe than *Eminence* ;
He that then keeps his *Tongue*, may keep his *Life*,
Till times will better favour *Innocence*.
Truth spoken where *untruth* is more approved,
Will but enrage the malice of thy Foes ;
And otherwhile a wicked Man is moved
To cease from wrong, if no man him oppose.

Let this our *Emblem* therefore counsel thee,
Thy Life in safe *Retiredness* to spend ;
Let in thy breast thy thoughts reserved be,
Till thou art laid where none can thee offend.

And whilst most others give their *Fancy scope*,
Enjoy thy self in *Silence* and in *Hope*.

Lot 43.

THou hast in Publick lived long,
And overfreely us'd thy Tongue.
But if thy safety thou desire,
Be silent and thy self retire.

And if thou wilt not be undone,
Possess thy *Joys* and *Hopes* alone.
For they that will from harm be free,
Must quiet and obscured be.

Emblem XLIV.

*Enth: 44.**Non est Mortale quod opto.*



T H E

Forty-fourth Emblem Illustrated.

*Take Wing, my Soul, and mount up higher ;
For Earth fulfils not my Desire.*

WHen *Ganymed* himself was purifying,
Great *Jupiter*, his naked beauty spying,
Sent forth his *Eagle* (from below to take him)
A blest Inhabitant in Heav'n to make him :
And there (as Poets feigned) he doth still,
To *Jove*, and other *God-heads*, Nectar fill.

Though this be but a *Fable* of their feigning,
The *Moral* is a *real truth*, pertaining

To ev'ry one (which harbours a desire
Above the *Starry Circles* to aspire.)
By *Ganymed* the *Soul* is understood,
That's washed in the *Purifying flood*
Of sacred *Baptism* (which doth make her seem
Both pure and beautiful in *God's* esteem.)
The *Ægle* means that Heav'nly *Contemplation*,
Which, after Washings of *Regeneration*,
Lifts up the *Mind* from things that earthly be,
To view those *Objects* which *Faith's* Eyes do see.
The *Nectar* which is filled out and given
To all the bless'd *Inhabitants of Heaven*,
Are those *Delights* which (*Christ* hath said) they
have

When some *Repentant Soul* begins to leave
Her foulness; by renewing of her *birth*,
And flighting all the *Pleasures* of the Earth.

I ask not, *Lord*, those Blessings to receive,
Which any *Man* hath pow'r to take, or give;
Nor what this World affords; for I condemn
Her favours, and have seen the best of them.

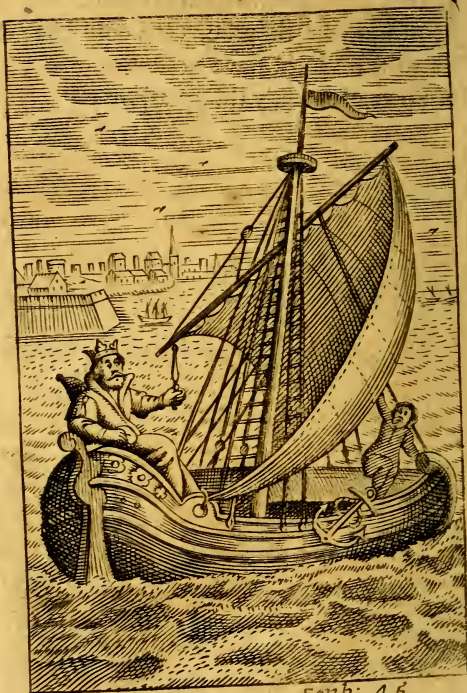
Nay, *Heav'n* it self will unsufficient be,
Unless *Thou* also give *Thy self* to me.

Lot 44.

THis Lot pertaineth unto those,
(But who they be, God only knows)
Who to the World have no desire,
But up to Heavenly things aspire ;

No doubt but you in some degree
Indu'd with such Affections be,
And got this Emblem, that you might
Encourag'd be in such a flight.

Emblem XLV.



Emb: 45.

Dum Clavum rectum Teneam.



T H E
Forty fifth Emblem
Illustrated.

*He that his Course directly steers,
Nor Storms, nor windy Censures fears.*

WE to the *Sea* this *World* may well compare ;
For every Man which liveth in the same,
Is as a *Pilot*, to some *Vessel* there,
Of little size, or else of larger frame.

Some have the *Boats* of their own *Life* to guide
Some of whole *Families* do row the *Barge*,
Some govern petty *Town-ships* too beside,
(To those compar'd, which of small *Barks* have
charge ;)

Some,

Some others rule great *Provinces*, and they
Resemble *Captains* of huge *Argosies* :
But when of *Kingdoms*, any gain the Sway,
To *Generals of Fleets* we liken these.

Each hath his proper *Course* to him assign'd,
His *Card*, his *Compass*, his due *Tacklings* too ;
And if their Business, as they ought, they mind,
They may accomplish all they have to do.
But most Men leave the Care of their own *Course*,
To judge, or follow, others in their ways ;
And when their Follies make their Fortunes worse,
They curse the *Destiny*, which they shou'd praise.
For *Waves* and *Winds*, and that oft-changing
Weather,

Which many blame, as Cause of all their *Losses*,
(Tho' they observe it not) helps bring together
Those *Hopes*, which their own *Wisdom* often crosses.
Regard not therefore much what those things be,
Which come, without thy fault, to thwart thy *Way* ;
Nor how *Rash-Lookers-on* will censure thee ;
But faithfully to do thy part assay.

For if thou shalt not from this *Counsel* vary,
Let my *Hopes* fail me, if thy *Hopes* miscarry.

Lot 45.

TH Y Hopes and Fears are always such,
That they afflict, and pain thee much;
Because thou giv'st too great a scope
Unto thy *Fear*, or to thy *Hope*.

For they will vex, or pleasure thee,
As they enlarg'd, or curbed be.
But see, thine Emblem, if thou please,
Instructs thee how to manage these.

Emblem XLVI.



Ubi Helena, ibi Troja.



T H E
Forty-sixth Emblem
Illustrated.

*Where Helen is there will be war ;
For Death and Lust Companions are.*

THeir foolish humour I could ne'er affect,
Who dare for any cause the *Stews* frequent:
And thither, where I justly might suspect
A *Strumpet* liv'd, as yet I never went.
For when (as *Fools* pretend) they go to seek
Experience, where more *Ill* than *Good* they see,
They venture for their *Knowledge*, *Adam* like ;
And such as his will their *Atchievements* be.

Let therefore those that wou'd loose *Truls* detest,
Converse with none but those that modest are ;

For

For they that can of *Whoredom* make a Jest,
Will entertain it e'er they be aware.

Chast-Company and *Chast-Discourse* doth make
The Mind more pleased with it ev'ry day ;
And *Frequent views of Wantonness* will take
The Sense and Hatred of the *Vice* away.

Some I have known by *Harlots* Wiles undone,
Who but to see *their Fashions* first pretended ;
And they that went for *Company* alone,
By sudden Quarrels there their Days have ended.
For in the Lodgings of a *Lustful Woman*
Immodest *Impudence* hath still her Being ;
There *Fury, Fraud* and *Cruelties* are common ;
And there is *Want*, and *Shame*, and *Disagreeing*.
Ev'n *Beauty* of it self stirs loose Desires,
Occasioning both *Jealousies* and *Fears* ;
It kindleth in the Breast concealed *Fires*,
Which burn the Heart, before the *Flame* appears:

And ev'ry day experienced are we,
That there, where *Helenis, Troy's* Fate will be.

Lot 46.

YOur Lot is very much to blame,
Or else your Person, or your Name,
Hath injur'd been; or may have wrong
By some loose *Wanton* e're't be long.

Therefore e'er hence you go away,
Mark what your Emblem here doth say ;
Perhaps by drawing of this Lot
Some Harms prevention may be got.

Emblem XLVII.

Emblem XLVII.

*Emb: 47.*

Consequitur quodcunque petit.



T H E

Forty-seventh Emblem

Illustrated.

*Who by good means good things would gain,
Shall never seek nor ask in vain.*

IN vain fair *Cynthia* never taketh pains,
Nor faints in following her desired *Game* ;
And when at any Mark her Bow she strains,
The winged Arrow surely hits the same.
Her *Picture* therefore in this place doth shew
The Nature of their *Minds*, who, *Cynthia*-like,
With *Constancy* their *Purposes* pursue,
And faint not till they compass what they seek.
For nought more *God-like* in this World is found,
Then so resolv'd a *Man*, that nothing may

His

His *Resolution* alter or confound,
When any task of *worth* he doth assay.
Nor is there greater Baseness than those *Minds*
That from an *honest purpose* can be wrought
By *Threatnings*, *Bribes*, *smooth Gales* or *boist'rous*
Winds,
Whatever colour or excuse be brought.

You then that would with *Pleasure*, *Glory* gain,
Diana like, those modest things require
Which truly may beseem you to attain,
And stoutly follow that which you desire.
For changing tho' the *Moon* to us appear,
She holds a firm Dependance on the *Sun*,
And by a *constant Motion* in her *Sphere*,
With him doth in *Conjunction* often run.
So *constant Men* still move their hopes to win,
But never by a *Motion indirect* ;
Nor will they stop the Course that they are in,
Until they bring their purpose to effect.

For whosoever *Honest things* requires,
A *Promise* hath of all that he desires.

Lot 47.

IF any thing you do design,
Pursue it with a vigorous mind;
And if you hope to gather fruit,
Be constant in your hopes pursuit.



For by your Emblem you may find,
The Stars to you are well inclin'd:
Provided your Attempts be good,
For that must still be understood.

Emblem XLVIII.

Emblem XLVIII.



Emb: 48.

Nusquam tuta fides.



T H E
Forty-eighth Emblem
Illustrated.

*Use Caution wheresoe'er you be,
For from Deceit no place is free.*

SOME write (but on what grounds I cannot tell)
That they who near unto the *Deserts* dwell,
Where *Elephants* are found, do notice take,
What trees they haunt, their sleeping stocks to
make ;
That, when they rest against an half-sawn stem,
It (falling) may betray those Beasts to them.

Now, tho' the part *Historical* may err,
The *Moral*, which this *Emblem* doth infer,

Is

Is over true ; and seemeth to imply,
The *World* to be so full of Treachery,
As that no corner of it found can be,
In which from Falshoods Engines we are free.

I have observ'd the *City*, and I find
The *Citizens* are civil, grave and kind ;
Yet many are deluded by their shows,
And cheated, when they trust in them repose.
I have been oft at *Court*, where I have spent
Some idle time, to hear them *Compliment* :
But I have seen in *Courtiers* such deceit,
That for their Favours I could never wait.
I do frequent the *Church*, and I have hear'd
God's judgments by the *Preachers* there declar'd
Against mens falshoods ; and I gladly hear
Their zealous *Prayers*, and good *Counsels* there ;
But as I live, I find some such as they,
Will watch to do a mischief if they may.
Nay, those poor sneaking *Clowns*, who seek their
living,
As if they knew no manner of deceiving,

Ev'n *those* their wit can (this way) so apply,
That they'll soon cozen wiser men than I.

Lot 48.

SOME Foes for thee do lie in wait,
Where thou suspectest no Deceit.
Yea, many do thy hurt intend,
Who yet pretend the Name of Friend.

Be therefore careful whom you trust,
What ways thou walk'st, and what thou dost ;
For by thine Emblem thou may'st see,
That wariness will needful be.

Emblem XLIX.



Omni's Caro Foenum.



T H E

Forty-ninth Emblem

Illustrated.

All Flesh is like the wither'd Hay.

It springs, and grows, and fades away.

THIS *Infant*, and this little Truss of *Hay*,
 When they are moralized, seem to say,
 That *Flesh* is but a Tuft of Morning *Grass*,
 Both green and wither'd, e'er the Day light pass.
 And such we truly find it ; for behold,
 As soon as Man is born, he waxeth old
 In Grievs, in Sorrows, or Necessities ;
 And withers ev'ry Hour, until he dies :
 Now flourishing as *Grass*, when it is grown,
 Strait perishing as *Grass*, when it is mown.

If we with other things Man's *Age* compare,
His *Life* is but a *Day* (for equal'd are
His *Years* with *Hours*; his *Months* will *Minutes* be
Fit *Parallels*; and ev'ry *Breathing* we
May term a *Day*) yet some, ev'n at the *Night*
Of that short *Day*, are dead and wither'd quite.
Before the *Morning* of our *Lives* be done,
The *Flesh* oft fades: Sometimes it grows till *Noon*:
But there's no Mortal *Flesh*, that will abide
Unparched longer than till *Ev'ning-tide*.
For in it self it always carries that,
Which helpeth so it self to ruinate,
That tho' it feel nor *Storm*, nor scorching *Flame*,
An inbred *Canker* will consume the same.
Considering well, and well remembring this,
Account the *Flesh* no better than it is:
Wrong not thine everlasting *Soul*, to cherish
A *Gourd*, which in a Moment's time will perish.

Give it the tendance fit for fading *Crops*;
But for *Hay-harvest*, lose not better *Hopes*.

Lot. 49.

TH Y Flesh thou lov'st, as if it were
The chiefeſt Object of thy Care ;
And of ſuch Value, as may ſeem
Well meriting thy beſt eſteem.

But now to baniſh that Conceit,
Thy Lot an Emblem brings to fight,
Which without Flatt'ry ſhews to thee,
Of what Regard it ought to be.

Emblem L.



Emb: 50.

Sic transit Gloria Mundi.



T H E
Fiftieth Emblem
Illustrated.

*Ev'n as the Smoke doth pass away,
So shall all Worldly Pomp decay.*

SOME better *Arguments*, than yet I see,
I must perceive, and better *Causes* why
To those gay things I should addicted be,
To which the Vulgar their *Affections* tie.
I have consider'd *Scepters*, *Mitres*, *Crowns*,
With each Appurtenance to them belonging ;
My *Heart* hath search'd their *Glories* and
Renowns,
And all the pleasant things about them
thronging :

My *Soul* hath truly weigh'd, and took the Measure
 Of *Riches* (which the most have so desir'd)
 I have distill'd the Quintessence of *Pleasure*,
 And seen those Objects that are most admir'd.
 I likewise feel all *Passions* and *Affections*,
 That help to cheat the *Reason*, and persuade
 That those poor *Vanities* have some Perfections,
 Whereby their Owners happy might be made.

Yet when that I have rouz'd my *Understanding*,
 And cleans'd my Heart from some of that
 Corruption,

Which hinders in me *Reason's* free commanding,
 And shews things without Vails or Interruption;
 Then they, methinks, as fruitless do appear,
 As *Bubbles* (wherewithal young Children play);
 Or, as the *Smoke*, which in our *Emblem* here,
 Now makes a show, and strait consumes away.

*Be pleas'd, Oh God! my Value may be such,
 Of ev'ry outward Blessing here below,
 That I may neither love them over-much,
 Nor underprize the Gifts thou shalt bestow:*

But know the Use of all these fading *Smokes*,
 And be refresh'd by that which others chokes.

Lot 50.

IN outward Pomp thy Pleasures are,
Thy Hope of Bliss is placed there :
And thou this Folly wilt not leave,
Till of Content it thee bereave ;

Unless thou timely come to see
How vain all earthly Glories be.
An Emblem therefore thou hast gain'd,
By which this Knowledge is obtain'd.

These



These Six following Chances or Lots have no Emblems belonging to them, and therefore you need look no further for them, but make the best of what you have got, these being only added for Sport and Recreation.

51.

TH Y Lot no Answer will bestow
 To that which thou desir'st to know :
 Nor canst thou here an Emblem find
 Which to thy Purpose is inclin'd.
 Perhaps it is too late to crave
 What thou desirest now to have :
 Or but in vain to mention that,
 Which thy Ambition aimeth at.
 Then take it not in evil part,
 That with a Blank thou answer'd art.

52.

IT proves a Blank ; for to what end
 Shou'd we a serious-Moral spend,
 Where *Teachings, Warnings and Advice,*
 Esteemed are of little Price ?
 Your only purpose is to look
 Upon the Pictures of this Book ;
 When more Discretion you have got,
 An Emblem shall attend your Lot.

53.

TH E S E Lots are almost five to one
Above the Blanks, yet thou hast none ;
If thus thy Fortune still proceed,
'Tis five to one if well thou speed.
Yet if thou dost not much neglect,
To do as Wisdom shall direct,
It is a thousand unto five,
But thou in all thy Hopes wilt thrive.

54.

YOU may be glad you drew not that,
Which in your Mind you guessed at.
For it so points out that Condition,
Whereof you give a great Suspicion,
That had it such an Emblem nam'd
As fits you right, you had been sham'd.
Since then your Fault is unreveal'd,
Amend, and keep it still conceal'd.

55.

YOU in your secret Thoughts despise,
To think an Emblem shou'd advise,
Or give you cause to mind or heed,
Those things whereof you may have need.
And therefore when the Lot you try'd,
An Answer justly was deny'd.
Yet (by your leave) there are but few,
Who need *Good Counsel more than you.*

56.

TH E *Chance* which thou obtained hast,
Of all the *Chances* is the last.

And

And casting up the Total Sums,
 We find thy *Gain* to *Nothing* comes.
 Yet if it well be understood,
 This *Chance* may chance to do thee Good ;
 For it foretels what Portion shall,
 To ev'ry one at last befall.
 And warns while something is enjoy'd,
 That it be always well imploy'd.

C O N C L U S I O N S.

1.

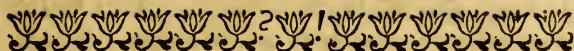
THE Glories of our Birth and State
 Are Shadows, not substantial things.
 There is no Armour 'gainst our Fate,
 Death lays his Icy Hands on Kings.
 Scepter and Crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the Dust be equal laid
 With the poor crooked Sythe and Spade.

2.

Some Men with Swords may reap the Field;
 And plant fresh Laurels where they kill.
 But their strong Nerves at length must yield ;
 They tame but one another still.
 Early or late,
 They stoop to Fate,
 And must give up their murm'ring Breath,
 Whilst the pale Captive creeps to Death.

3.

The Laurel withers on your Brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty Deeds ;
 For on Death's Purple Altar now,
 See where the Victor, Victim bleeds:
 All Heads must come
 To the cold Tomb.
 Only the Actions of the Just
 Smell sweet and blossom in the Dust:



*Directions for finding the Chances in
the following Lottery.*

TURN about the Index, upon the following Lottery or Figure, without casting your Eyes thereupon to observe where it stayeth, till your Hand ceaseth to give it motion ; and then look upon what number it resteth ; then look for the same number among the Lots, which having read, it directs you to the Emblem of the same number likewise ; if the Letter M be set before the Lot (as it is in three or four places) then that Lot is proper only to a Man, and therefore if it happen to a Woman let her take the next Chance, whether it be Blank or Lot. If it be any number above fifty, there being fifty-six in all, it is a Blank Chance, and you may look for your Lot at the latter end of the Book among the six last Chances which are without Emblems. The Tryal whereof is thus contrived without Dice, lest by the Familiar use of them they might sometimes occasion expensive and pernicious Gaming.

But

206 *Directions for the Lottery.*

But

*If King, Queen, Prince, or any one that springs
From Persons, known to be deriv'd from Kings,
Shall seek for Sport sake hence to draw their Lots;
Our Author says, that he provided not
For such as those; Because it were too much
For him, to find out Fortunes fit for such,
Who, (as he thinks) should rather Aid supply
For him to mend his evil Fortunes by.
To them he therefore pleased is to give
This noble, and this large Prerogative;
That they shall chuse from hence, what Lots they
please*

And make them better, if they like not these.

*All other Personages, of High Degree,
That will profess our Author's Friends to be,
This Freedom, likewise have, that till they find
A Lot, which is agreeing to their mind,
They shall have liberty anew to try
Their sought-for Chance: And ev'ry time apply
The Morals they disliked, unto those
Which are, ill-qualifi'd, among their Foes.
All others who this Game, Adventure will,
Must bear their Fortunes, be they Good or Ill.*

The

The Figure or Lottery.



THis Game occasions not the frequent crime
 Of swearing, or mispending of our time,
 Nor loss of money, for the Play is short,
 And every Gamester winneth by the sport:
 We therefore Judge, it may as well become,
 The *Hall*, the Parlor, or the *Dining Room*,
 As Chess or Tables; and we think the price
 Will be as low, because it needs no Dice.

F I N I S.

BOOKS lately Printed for and sold by Edmund Parker, at the Bible and Crown over-against the New Church in Lombard Street.

Spiritual Counsel: Or, the Father's Advice to his Children. By the Reverend Mr. *John Norris*, M. A. The 16th Edition. Price Bound 6 d.

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4.

Naked breasts 114, 182,

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